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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
MARCH 27, 1995 VOL. 18 NO. 13

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Canadian rock explodes



40 Canadian rock music is in the throes of a creative renaissance, with dozens of new bands and new record labels springing up across the country. The newcomers are buoyed by the success of Winnipeg's Crash Test Dummies, the most internationally successful of the newer groups, and The Tragically Hip, the favorite among rockers at home



Who owns the sea?

14 Canada and Spain reached a temporary truce in their battle over the turbot fishery on Newfoundland's Grand Banks. But the thorny question at the heart of the dispute remains: who owns the world's oceans and their resources?

Reversal of fortune

24 After a 20-month investigation, the now-changed former Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan, 67, with 16 uncorroborated offences, including rape, statutory rape and abduction. The alleged offences span a 22-year period—ending in 1976, the same year that Regan left the premier's office



LETTERS

Budget ballyhoo

Your article "Bonsaking Canada" (Cover, March 13) did not mention what was excluded in the federal budget. There was no job-creation plan to lower the costs associated with high unemployment. No attempt was made to reduce historically high real interest rates. Taxes will not be cut even though program spending relative to the size of the economy will be rolled back to levels not seen since the 1960s.

Lois Mundy
Chenier, Ont.



Finance Minister Paul Martin: feather duster instead of conversation

I read Diane Francis's column ("Jean Chrétien just winged out") in which she stated that the Liberals produced a budget that was "a little less and a little more, a little shakier, and a little cowardly." Then I read Peter C. Newman's "Yes, Virginia—Santa Claus did not work" (The Nation's Business) in which he stated, "The Liberals brought in their second budget and the first in two decades to make economic sense." I imagine Diane and Peter have an open debate that might clarify what, in actual fact, is really.

Donald Zerkle,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Y Martin's budget is resembling Canada, then feather duster in home renovation.

Ann B. Eddy,
Toronto

Get it straight

In a letter to the editor ("In the line of duty," March 13, Ontario Provincial Police Const. John Kennedy referred to his arrest of a "homosexual" pedophile. Pedophiles are adults who are sexually attracted to pre-adolescent minors. Many do not distinguish between boys and girls. And rarely does one hear the term "heterosexual" pedophile.

Edward Southcott,
Toronto

Good protection

I was very interested in the report concerning the unusual uses of condoms ("She's a minor," Opening Notes, March 13) and so a minor observation. I can add neither use we made in our youngsters. Waterproof patches were seldom much good for latex.

Shirley Hynes,
Stratford-upon-Avon, England

strong or strong, but a suitable length of these "French letters," as we called them, squeezed over the wrist rendered the cheapest watches waterproof.

Lois Hocking,
Toronto

Waspishness

Alvin Patterson shows an incredible ignorance of a quarter century of Ontario politics to suggest that Stephen Leves, Stuart Smith and Larry Grossman failed to be elected premier because of religious bigotry. CA WASHB take us politics," Column, Feb. 20. There are also many reasons why Bob Rae's government is unpopular and unlikely to be elected. Racism is not one of them.

Warren Morrison,
Canton, Ont.

No alternative?

The siblings of Alzheimer's disease victim Cecil Boudy by his wife, Jean, was hardly "an attempt to end [his life] with some dignity" ("Merry killing," March 13), but rather a violent effort by a depressed and frustrated woman to end her husband's, and her own, suffering. Prevention of such unnecessary crimes requires that doctors, social workers and family members provide palliative care for the patient and emotional support for the family. So-called merry killing is not a reasonable alternative, and neither the courts nor the House of Commons is qualified to consider it.

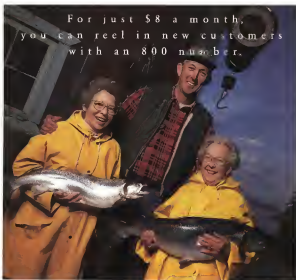
Dagmar Roth,
Montreal

Badge of courage

Rachael Vachon's tragic story of her schizophrenia son, who lost his life and then apparently tried to kill himself, is now for a handful of stories that we at Ontario Friends of Schizophrenics hear in any given month ("A mother's tragic tale," Life, March 6). And yet our provincial government persists with legislation that will make it even more difficult to get help for our loved ones who have schizophrenia. We applaud Vachon's courage in speaking out and commend you for your responsible and continued coverage of a disease that is so often misunderstood and stigmatized.

Margerie O'Brien,
Executive Director,
Ontario Friends of Schizophrenics,
Dun Hill, Ont.

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Golden Retrievers, owner of Haddock On Fishing Lodge, with two very happy customers.

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**NEWFOUNDLAND
& LABRADOR**

OPENING NOTES

POETRY AND PROMOTION

The idea was to make Quebec City seem more like a national capital. So last November, the city's chamber of commerce had a reception, \$600,000 Tudor-style mansion as the key (like the Brains to be the official residence of Quebec Premier Jacques Parizeau and his wife, Lucie Lapointe. (Most recent Quebec premiers have been from Montreal and usually rented an apartment in the provincial capital.) And once he moved into the fully furnished house, the Parti Québécois leader has entertained some Thursday in good style. To date, he has welcomed more than 1,500 guests to what the local media have branded the "Elysée"—a play on Elysée, the official residence of French President François Mitterrand and the name of Parizeau's influential wife.

Some of Parizeau's most recent visitors, however, left appalled. Some perceived, last week, 30 of the nearly 80 guests were there because they had won a Quebec City radio station's contest. In February, CMR had asked its listeners to send in poems celebrating the Parizeaus, their residence



Parizeau's official residence: 'I'm very proud'

as the province. "The poems had to rhyme with the 's' in Parizeau, and the 's' in Lucie," said promotional director Steve Haynes. But Liberal MP Yves Bolduc questioned whether the official residence should "serve as a promotional vehicle," *Replied Parizeau*. "It shows to what point this government is keeping in contact with so many people from all backgrounds." He added, "I'm very proud of that and the gang to continue." A premier's home is his castle.

WORKING HARD FOR THE MONEY

When it comes to work, not every number shows up on the balance sheet

• Number of Canadians currently unemployed due to layoffs: 995,000.

• Number of Canadians holding down more than one job: 475,000.

• Number of Canadians injured on the job each day: 1,607. Nilcost: 2.

• Chances that a Canadian worker has personal knowledge of a co-worker using illegal drugs on the job: 1 in 4.

• Average number of bankruptcies in Canada each day: 207.

• Amount lost each day to employees' theft: \$2 million.

• Percentage of workplace problems caused by drug and alcohol abuse: 30; health: 30; theft: 35.

• Cost of lost productivity, medical and insurance claims each day: \$2.7 million.

• Amount lost to poor tracking of goods and sales: \$13 million.

• Amount businesses lose each day because of litaney among employees: \$11 million.



HE SHOOTS! HE SCORES!

They won't have to shoot "Car." They won't have to move the net. Indeed, when nearly 1,000 players gather at the weekend of March 25 and 26 for the 10th annual High Voltage Classic, a 10-hour road hockey tournament, Saskatoon civic officials will close the street directly in front of City Hall to traffic. More than 60 teams of up to 15 men and female players, some from as far as Vancouver and Toronto, paid the \$25 entrance fee and signed up sponsors for the privilege of stockhandling tennis balls on the three road rinks set up for the event. That makes this tournament, sponsored by the electrical engineering students of



A Cabbage Head playing road hockey for charity

the University of Saskatchewan, the largest of its kind in Canada. In nine years, the organizers have donated \$65,000 to nine charities. This year, the goal is to raise \$15,000. "It's like to top the \$100,000 mark," says Troy Woloszew, a member of the organizing committee. Teams compete in three categories as most money raised and best costumes win prizes. Previous winners, says Woloszew, include the Cabbage Heads, who won red cabbage leaves on their heads. "They were kind of weird by the end of the tournament," he adds, but all in a good cause.

MAKING THE MOST OF ICY MANITOBA

It was a close sweep this season for Manitoba, who captured all four Canadian curling championships. Earlier this season, Cecil Laliberte's women's rink won the Scott Tournament of Hearts in Calgary, while team led by Chris Galarneau and Kelly Macdonald captured the junior men's and women's titles in Regina. Then on March 12 in Halifax, Kerry Barstow's Aussies capped the perfect run—winning Manitoba's 24th Brier in 60 years of competition.

Why Manitoba? "It's hard to say," mused Barstow as he celebrated the victories with 300 club mates last week at Winnipeg's Assiniboia Memorial Curling Club. "There's such great depth in this province." Added Galarneau: "Perhaps we have so many good curlers because the season is so much longer here than anywhere else." But perhaps it is because Manitobans just love the sport. Demand for tickets at this year's world championships—being held in Brandon, 200 km west of Winnipeg—topping on April 6—

was so high that officials had to hold a lottery to ensure fair distribution. "You get your own little chance to go to the world," said Barstow, who, like Laliberte, will compete at the event. "It's better to sit in front of 40,000 cheering people than going overseas and having a few hundred people in the stands."



Barstow celebrating Manitoba's victories; depth

BYTES OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVICE?

Ferling a little blue? Or perhaps the urge to acid down an entire chocolate cake is overwhelming? The advice, as well as the money to pay for it, is available to a \$100-plus-a-hour offer visit to a clinical therapist to learn more about such psychological conundrums. For \$38, customers of Shrink Link, a New York City-based Internet services, are guaranteed a learned response within 72 hours, on issues ranging from anxiety to alcoholism to emotional abuse. Since its start last month, more than 450 calls, including about 100 Canadian, have contacted Shrink Link (<http://www.shrinklink.com/shrinklink>) for help. Founder Daniel Litvin, 30, says that he had originally hoped to



Litvin: mental health professionals online

be worried about monitoring the quality of advice. "It's disconcerting," adds Service. Can an electronic highway patrol be so helpful?

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. *The Colorist's Progress*, James Goldilocks (1)
2. *Politically Correct*, Barbara Stinson (2)
3. *Don't Know*, David Miller (3)
4. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (4)
5. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (4)
6. *Open Secrets*, John Doe (5)
7. *Eye of a Tiger*, Richard Stone (6)
8. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (7)
9. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (8)
10. *The Crying Man*, Barbara Stinson (9)

11. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (10)

NONFICTION

1. *On the Edge*, Steve Connor (1)
2. *The House of the Future*, John Doe (2)
3. *An Unlikely Story*, John Doe (3)
4. *The Best Man*, Richard Stone (4)
5. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (5)
6. *Being Digital*, Barbara Stinson (6)
7. *Point, Point, Point* (7)
8. *Let's Go, Canada*, David Miller (8)
9. *My Sister's Keeper*, Alice Miller (9)
10. *Long Walk to Freedom*, Alice Miller (10)

Compiled by Barbara Stinson

PASSAGES



DIED: LEGISLATION by renewed human rights activist John Humphrey, 89, in his Montreal home. Canada's first Minister of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted by the United Nations in 1948. Humphrey headed the UN's human rights commission for 20 years until 1989 when he returned his teaching career at McGill University's law school. As a lawyer, he led his law firm after a fire in his New Brunswick home and was named in orphanages from the age of 12 until he entered Mount Allison University at 15. Humphrey served on many international and national human rights commissions, was awarded around the world and helped establish both the Canadian Human Rights Foundation and the Canadian branch of Amnesty International.

DIED: FUNDAMENTAL and socialist. Be-H. Sholem Sholem, 66, who led the Canadian Jewish Congress in Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America, and elsewhere, died in 1982. Among the many groups he helped were the synagogues of Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the National Ballet of Canada.

DIED: Businessman John Green, 61, who devoted much of his life to international affairs while heading his family-owned publishing company, in Toronto. In 1973, he became the first Canadian president of the Pan-Asian International Chamber of Commerce.

DIED: Second World War hero and 10th medal of the Highland Fencer club Lord Simon Lovell, 83, in his Balloch House home, 15 km west of Inverness. His refusal to take cover as he led his commando brigade during the D-Day invasion, with a spear at his side, was recognized in the eyes of the Law of the Land (1962) and won him the British Commonwealth Service Order and Military Cross. Winston Churchill described him as "the bravest man who ever set foot on a boat."

DIED: Notorious British gangster Ronnie Keir, 46, after suffering a suspected heart attack in the psychology lecture hall. He was serving a life sentence for murder. He and his wife, brother, and sister, all serving a life sentence, were part of the Swinging Sixties in London, despite their reputation for brutality.

DIED: AIDS activist Evelyn Haddad, 53, died in a Sept. 1, 1990, Montreal article on women with the deadly virus, of AIDS, in Vancouver.

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ANOTHER VIEW



Can there be art without grants?

BY CHARLES GORDON

A Canadian can barely get up in the morning without being urged to adjust to the new realities. Although we are tired of the urging coming as it does from finance ministers, bank presidents, high-tech moguls, team owners, futures and currency speculators—adapt we must. It would be nice if the reality didn't include being urged all the time, but there you have it. The alternative to adapting is complaining, which stops being enjoyable after a while.

Part of the adjusting is learning to do without. We are being told that we will have to do without a lot of government programs and agencies, perhaps even without the CBC at some point. We are already doing without fish, without nonrecreational baseball. We did without hockey for quite some time.

And we have to live the tale. We can adjust, in the moment. The question is: for how long?

That depends. In *Ground Zeroes*, a movie of a few years ago, one of the characters, a resident of Los Angeles, critic of the city's social ills—drugs, homelessness, an incredible cost of living and an atmosphere of violence to ensure that residents feel trapped in their own homes. "And you know what the worst thing isn't," she says. "We're getting used to it." Right.

There are certain conditions we should never adjust to, whether they are part of a new reality or not—poverty, the growing gap between rich and poor, North and South, worsening standards in our schools and hospitals. If we are told this is the price to be paid for improving our debt position, then the price is too high.

On the other hand, adapting to some changes could be useful, even fun. Sports fans did without major-league baseball last year, as well as the opening of the hockey season. Some of them probably improved their lives in so doing, learning to play a game instead of watch one, learning to read a book for fun, go for a walk or even talk to

their children. At our places of work we have adapted to computers and faxes and voice mail, at home we have adapted to live boxes, morning newspapers and less frequent mail delivery.

So we can do it. Face it, Canadians are an adaptable people. Every year, don't forget, we adapt to snowing snow, scraping car windows and freezing in bus shelters—almost cheerfully, for some of us. How many other people can make that claim?

In the new reality, we will be living without grants and subsidies of various sorts. There has been considerable trepidation about that, from interest groups and from people engaged in the arts. But it may be the most useful thing for the exploration of new ways of doing things.

Under the old reality, the government supported groups whose primary role was to lobby government. Maybe those groups can learn to support themselves. And maybe they will become stronger and more broadly based in doing so. In the arts, many members of the community have been dependent on grants that are now in danger of disappearing. Theatres, orchestras, festivals, dance companies, publishing

houses—grants are important in all of them. They are important to individual writers, painters, actors and musicians, too. All will have to adapt.

The only way the arts can adapt to a drop in government support is to create an increase in audience support. The arts, in other words, have to find a way to create new customers. No one in the arts community would complain if support from the government was replaced by support from the audience, and there is no logical reason it couldn't happen. After all, why shouldn't more Canadians read Canadian books, attend Canadian plays and movies, pay money to see the works of Canadian artists? If the number could double, the outlook for the arts would be vastly improved, and the numbers are so small now that a doubling does not seem out of the question.

The odds are against it, yes. For more people to go to the ballet, or a Canadian movie, or a Canadian play, those people have to be persuaded, first that it is better than staying home and watching television. It won't be easy, given the way we have adapted to having entertainment in our livingrooms over the last 50 years or so.

But it can be done. The quality is there, and, if that can be brought home to the potential audience, the arts could adapt, even prosper. With the need to find an audience always in mind, our arts community would be forced to eliminate the fatness and self-indulgence that can flourish in a sheltered environment.

That's the optimistic view of it. The most pessimistic view is that life without grants will be life without the arts. A slightly less pessimistic view is that the arts can survive but the education with funding will not, and that will reduce quality, stifle innovation, force artists into the middle of the road. We have only to pick up the entertainment section and look at what's playing to see how real that danger is. But popularity is not totally inconsistent with quality. In all areas of the arts there are stunning examples of excellent work that become extremely popular. The challenge of the postgrant age will be to produce that. The challenge for Canadians will be to reward it, not only in the arts but also in business.

Consumers have to adapt too, in other words. The new reality is not only for producers and it is not only for governments; it is not only for interest groups and the arts. It is for us. As governmental withdrawal from certain responsibilities, the individual has to take up the slack. Individual responsibility: that's what all that neoconservative rhetoric has been telling us all these years.

So now the time has come, new reality time. As consumers, we have a responsibility to demand quality and support it when we see it. That may involve going out of the house occasionally. It may involve doing more with our discretionary dollars than making a video. It may involve spending an extra dollar to support an uncommercial Canadian business. Are we up to it?

Who Owns The Sea?

BY CHRIS WOOD

The Spanish, in history, were there first. It may have been an English expedition, led by John Cabot in 1497, that first dragged baklava into the treacherous waters of the Grand Banks and landed them in dried web cod. But within a decade it was during storms from the Basque region of northern Spain who first began making the dangerous voyage across the channeled ocean in a commercial search for fish. In small wooden ships, they set out each spring for Newfoundland to spend the short northern summer catching, drying and salting codfish, leaving for home only when the storms of autumn descended on the remote island's rocky shores. Those language voyages bolster modern-day Spaniards in the belief that they have as much claim to whatever fish remains on the Grand Banks as anyone—certainly as much as any fishery-coast-lessly Canadian. As one Spanish colonial writer put it earlier this month:

"But times have changed, and with them the notion of who has rights to what."

With its source of the Spanish trawler *Sita* in international waters on March 8, Canada served notice that it considers its own rights to the contested Grand Banks fishery to be paramount. The notice provided outrage on the far side of the Atlantic, where European Union Fisheries Commissioner Emma Bonino accused Canada of launching a "war of terror" (page 14). At the same time, evidence that the *Sita* had netted immature turbot far smaller than its minimum harvest size provoked Newfoundland Premier Clyde Wells to brand the vessel's crew as "environmental crooks."

The belated rhetoric finally cooled somewhat last week when Canadian officials, after changing the *Sita* with a variety of officers and accepting a \$600,000 bond from its owners, released the ship (page 16). But the British departure, from the St. John's, Nfld., harbor last Thursday did nothing to resolve the underlying conflict. Indeed, a United Nations-sponsored gathering of maritime nations, which is scheduled to resume on March 27, is likely only to simply debate over the question at the heart of the matter: who owns the ocean anyway?

The answer, in brief, is no one. And therein lies the core of the problem. Nearly four centuries after

Dutch scholar Hugo Grotius defined the limits of a country's claim to its adjoining seas by how far a cannon could hurl a shot on land—about three miles at the time—much of the world's oceans remain beyond any national jurisdiction. A patchwork of treaties and a twentieth-century international convention give the impression of having brought the rule of law to the high seas, but the reality is less substantial. "No nation," Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin told *Maclean's* last week, "has authority to set the rules, and more importantly, no nation has authority to enforce the rules. Therefore there are no rules, and it's a free-for-all." Added the Newfoundland-based level politician: "It is the tragedy of the commons."

Tobin was referring to an earlier free-for-all with devastating consequences. When, in pre-industrial Britain, villages were allowed to graze their livestock freely on so-called "common land,"

Canada's fish war with Spain underlines an ancient conflict

they did so with ever larger herds until the ocean pastures were destroyed. Scientists say the same pattern of overexploitation of an open-access resource, albeit a watery one, is to blame for dramatic declines in 18 of the world's 34 major food fisheries. And as ever more powerful boats have pursued the same devastating schools of fish, concentrations over those that results have multiplied. In addition to Canada's row with Spain over turbot,

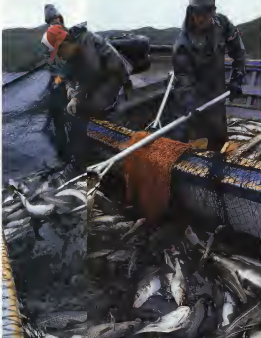
China and Vietnam have embroiled gun-shots over fishing rights surrounding the Spratly Islands in the South China Sea.

Italy and Greece have squabbled over the former's use of drift nets in the Mediterranean.

The U.S. Coast Guard has arrested Canadian fishing boats in waters that both countries claim off the British Columbia coast north of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

France and Spain, allies in the confrontation with Canada over turbot, have themselves traded machete-gun fire in a dispute over fishing in the Bay of Biscay.

Against first backdrop, the conciliatory mood that overtook the latest dispute last week struck a rare positive note. Indeed, as the week began,



Fishermen in Treaty, MIA: maritime nations just barely avoid any attempt by other coastal nations to extend their jurisdiction

the crisis had appeared to deepen, with announcements from Ottawa that thousands of pounds of what Tobin termed "baby" turbot had been discovered in the *Sita*'s hold, and from Madrid that the Spanish government had dispatched a frigate to protect its fleet on the contested fishing grounds just outside Canada's 200-nautical-mile exclusive zone. The first to blink were the Spanish. Last Wednesday, the crews of the *Sita* agreed to post a bond to secure the vessel's release. In turn, Tobin instructed Canadian officials in Brussels to open direct talks on the issue with their EU counterparts.

Those negotiations may prove difficult. For their part, the Europeans put no condition that they were prepared to accept Tobin's successors that the *Sita* had improperly caught immature turbot. But, for one, called the month's release "the first step by which the Canadians are trying to be reasonable again." And Spanish government spokesman Manuel Cacho added: "We consider this an illicit act and we are not going to back down." As for Tobin, he made it plain that if European vessels return to the so-called zone and sail on the Grand Banks—areas of continental shelf that extend beyond the 200-mile limit—he was prepared to make more arrests. But he cautioned: "If they are fishing in the zone and not in the zone, there won't be negotiations and we will take enforcement action."

The one option out on the table is a return to the open high-seas fishery that once permitted anyone with a boat to participate. For most of history, maritime nations have jealously guarded the freedom of the seas, resisting any attempt by coastal nations to extend their jurisdiction over or control the waters. In that traditional view, vessels operating beyond Grotius's three-mile limit could do pretty much whatever they liked, so long as they did not endanger other shipping. As for fish or any other riches to be dragged up out of the sea, they belonged to whomever got to them first.

That premise remains, despite a patchwork of treaties with conventions that support a legal framework to the world's oceans. The most important of these is the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea, a document negotiated in the 1970s which came into force only on Nov. 16, 1994, after Guyana became the 60th state to ratify it. (Canada has yet to do so.) The convention gives coastal states expanded jurisdiction up to 200 nautical miles from their shores and exclusive economic rights out to 200 miles. Beyond that arbitrary limit, the convention leaves nations to sort out their competing interests in regional arrangements like the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization (NAFO), the agency that allocates fishing quotas on the disputed portions of the Grand Banks.

The result is a law as loose as a fishnet. In the case of NAFO resolutions, member states are free to reject the quotas that the organization allocates and set their own, invariably far higher limits. There is no penalty. Even when ships do acknowledge NAFO's rules, enforcement of its regulations is halfhearted at best. In the case of the *Sita*, Canadian inspectors discovered that the mesh of the Spanish vessel's fishing net was 25 mm smaller than the minimum permitted by NAFO rules. When discussing with the boat's crew had placed an even smaller mesh net inside the first, ensuring that virtually no fish escaped its nylon grasp. Those disclosures ignited environmental critics. "The European Union," said Arthur Hanson, president of the Washington-based International Institute for Sustainable Development, "is denigrating the indomitable."

But landscape rules are only part of the reason for

the rising number of clashes among fishing nations. The other is a dramatic increase in the efficiency of fishers. When most fishing was done by hand from small boats with no better means of preserving their catch than salting it, the risk was little risk of depleting such rich stocks as those on the Grand Banks. Modern diesel-powered vessels, however, can deploy vast trawler nets, some large enough to swallow a dozen 747s in a single gulp. The electronic gear on the boats' loggers, meanwhile, often reveals that of the jumbo gill-side-scan sonar reveals the presence of fish so accurately that in some instances operators can even identify the species. Global positioning satellites allow navigators to return to the most productive fishing grounds with a margin of error of less than 300 metres. At the same time, factory vessels that process fish at sea have allowed gummy nations to send their fleets thousands of kilometres from home in search of catches, among the vessels that regularly fish on the Grand Banks are several from distant Korea and Taiwan.

Against such sophistication, fish have little chance. In fact, the capacity of the world's fishing fleet has expanded far beyond the capacity of the seas to produce fish. By the late 1980s, according to the Washington-based Worldwatch Institute, the Nova Scotia trawler fleet was four times larger than needed to capture its yearly allowance of groundfish. Even more extreme is the situation in Alaska, where so many boats chase halibut that U.S. regulators allow only one fish for its title as two days each year. Meanwhile, international efforts aimed at conserving spawning fish stocks proceed slowly, when they move forward at all. Observed Henson: "Too debate and debate and debate, and meanwhile you fish and fish and fish. And when the last fish are gone, you go home."

Farther straining beleaguered fish stocks is the sheer mass of humanity clustered along the world's coastlines. Over half the world's people live within 100 km of an ocean shoreline. The waste they produce, rising from human cities in plastic packaging, consumer falls three-quarters of the planet, entering the oceans. Compounding its toxic impact on global fisheries is the fact that 90 per cent of commercially valuable fish species live in the third of the oceans that is nearest to land.

The consequences for commercially valuable fish, on the Grand Banks and elsewhere, have been little short of catastrophic. At the same time as Canadian officials estimate that cod populations off the country's east coast have plummeted by 98 per cent, catches of South African pilchards and pollock cod have fallen by 84 per cent, and, just inland, of bass, hake and the quality named greater yellow croaker have all declined by at least 80 per

cent since their peaks in the mid-1970s. It was to forestall the same fate befalling the turbot that Tobin claimed to have acted against the Spanish. Explained the minister: "We will not accept that resources we are conserving today made our 200-mile limit will be plundered outside 200 miles." His stance found support among many environmentalists as well as some experts in international law. Declared Worldwatch research

Court's jurisdiction over the fishery. Tobin, meanwhile, appears set on asserting Canada's control over its continental shelf. Last week, he made it plain to McDonald that his government would not ratify the existing Law of the Sea convention until a UN forum on so-called straddling fish stocks (those that swim back and forth across the 200-mile limit), which resumed on March 27 in New York, produces a new



A polluted beach in Hawaii: international efforts to conserve fish stocks proceed slowly

associate Anne Plan: "We say this is a test of national will where international law has failed." And in Halifax, David VanderZwaag, director of the marine environmental law program at Dalhousie University, added: "Canada isn't stand by and watch as important resources are lost."

But other observers, not all of them European, have challenged both the morality and the legality of Canada's action. Armand de Montcalm, a McGill University professor of maritime law who helped to negotiate the Law of the Sea convention, noted that Canada's own record of overfishing in the 90 per cent of the Grand Banks already under its control has undermined Tobin's claim to be acting in the interests of conservation. "It is strange," de Montcalm points out, "that the only place there are any fish left off our coasts is beyond the 200-mile limit."

The legal questions of issue are unlikely to be resolved soon. Although Spain's government voiced its intention to take the dispute to the International Court at The Hague, if it does so, it will go there alone. Last spring, at the same time as it gave itself the power under Canadian law to seize vessels suspected of overfishing outside the 200-mile limit, Ottawa also withdrew recognition of the International

and leading mechanisms to resolve future high-seas disputes. Still Tobin: "We see the successful outcome of the UN conference as being an appropriate time to ratify the Law of the Sea." The minister has also promised to unveil a new Ocean Act later this year that will overhaul the country's entire approach to managing the seas surrounding its coastline, which at 243,792 km is the world's largest.

It was also clear last week that the feisty fisheries minister had Canadian public opinion firmly on his side. In an uncharacteristic display of jargon, newspaper editorials and talk-show callers from Vancouver to St. John's strongly approved of Canada's firm stand in defence of its own interests. Particularly bellicose was *The Toronto Star*, which declared: "Most Canadians are happy we fired the first shot. In fact, we would have scored lower after the first shot than at the first two machine-gun bursts." Half a column after Quebec fishermen made their first hazardous voyages to Newfoundland, it seems, ownership of the seas will go to those who are willing to defend their claim with the barrel of a canon.

With SARAH DUFFY DREXLER in Toronto and WARREN CARAGATA in Ottawa



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Enemies—With Much In Common

The fishermen of Vigo and St. John's both see themselves as victims

Dull grey clouds had hung over the Spanish fishing port of Vigo all day long, but the sky brightened just before sunset, and the horizon blushed with a smolder of red—a good sign for those who believe in sailors' myths. In the fading light, about 50,000 people crisscrossed the city and its harbor, in part to show their support for a political rally. Although the gathering was somewhat businesslike, the mood was slightly festive, a celebration of local spirit. Banners crying out: "Only fishermen in the house" and regional folk music surrounded the crowd from loudspeakers—not the noisy *flamenco* guitar of northern Spain, but the unaccompanied drone of bagpipes, no less familiar to traditionalists.

Last week's demonstration had been organized to protest Canada's stance on the Eilat, the pride of Vigo's long-distance fishing fleet and, to local thinking, the innocent victim of an unjust act. As town meetings go, this one was a roaring success. The lively speeches and the crowd's response—emotional, vocal and always polite—delivered a message as clear as white Spanish wine: Canada was behaving like a pirate on the high seas. Strife does the Maple Leaf many the world and elsewhere.

Vigo is the fishing capital of Galicia, a seafaring kingdom and now fiercely independent region on Spain's northwest coast. It was settled by a Celtic, not an emigrant Italian. Celtic and Latin always sent its men down to the sea in boats. Fishing in St. John's was a pillar of the economy, the lifeblood of its history, inseparable from its soul. Indeed, the two peoples at the heart of last week's international dispute over turbot have far more in common than just the bagpipes of their mutual Celtic heritage, even if they do not seem to be able to make common cause over fish. Both fear that fishing is a dying way of life. Both are partly to blame for selfishly overfishing the resources that sustain them. And both believe that they are the true victims—of notorious foreign fleets, of remote bureaucrats who hunt their fishing, and of their own politicians, to whom they are just a minor irritant that can usually be ignored.

In fact, the one thing that both sides agreed on last week was that the abandoned waters of the Eilat had reduced the fishing crisis from a simple political issue to the top of the agenda. "Not much, not much at all," answered José Manuel Muñiz, president of the Association of Seafaring Fishermen, when asked at the rally about the Madrid government's nominal role of backing the fishery. Ironically, he said, "Canada's actions have given us political support that we've never had. For the first

time, the politicians of Spain and Europe are realizing the importance of the Eilat for us."

That was hardly Ottawa's intention when it decided to push the on-lookers of international law by seizing the Eilat in international waters. The intention of the act may have caught the European Union off guard. That Canadian officials were also slightly more shocked at the way the morality issue, however, was presented a case more from its merits.

Actually, there was little to suggest that they would do so. Britain's fishing nations casually battle over access to fish stocks, not just

around European tables but at sea as well, sometimes resorting to the primitive language of rifles or nukes. At last week's Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization (NAFO) meetings, which ultimately established the 21,000-km fishing zone around the coast, Canadian negotiators skillfully exploited those differences. For one thing, according to fisheries officials from several nations, northern European countries led by the Germans, who have little national stake in fishing, leaned heavily on the Spanish and Portuguese to reduce their quota demands. As one Irish fishing official explained: "Spain went through a pretty brutal period at the hands of its European partners. Countries like Ireland, Britain and Germany took an unprejudiced tough line against the southern fishing states."

But when it came time to divide the catch, Canadian officials may have erred in pushing for

such limited weighting in their favor. "Canada did some good negotiating and pulled out a sort of deal at NAFO," said a sympathetic EU official. "But the final agreement was won on a knife-edge, a vote of 14 to 7 that carried no animal weight. We warned the Canadians that it was untenable, but [Fisheries Minister] Iqbal Tahir wouldn't listen. He had nonmember personal exchanges with other officials, and came across to a lot of people as simply aggressive."

Having already divided the EU to its advantage once, Ottawa may have banked on the 15-nation organization may become able to respond in a unified, effective way when it stands the Eilat. Ottawa's lobbying in the first days after the arrest seemed to break EU solidarity, trying to recruit national allies such as Ireland and Britain, whose own fleets are constantly battling heads with the Spanish in European waters. But, in public at least, the Union held. There may be a lot of per-

sonal admiration for what Canada did, as one EU official admitted. "That became a question of political principle that left the EU with no choice," said Frank Doyle, general secretary of the Irish Fishermen's Organization. "To do otherwise would have been to betray Spain and the whole idea of political union."

In the politics of fish, principle often depends on circumstance. "As always when fishing over fish, people get very, very subjective," said Ricardo Aguilar, biodiversity coordinator for Greenpeace in Madrid. Just last July, Spanish leaders for whom the northern town of Biscaya is their Spanish fishermen tending in their area were truly from the Bay of Biscay. The French transfer La Galéa, which the Spanish claimed was fishing with illegal nets, the fact that the Spanish may have overfished and returned the ship to its French owners. Certainly no matter how hard Canada pressed its view that the seizure of the Eilat was a controversial question, Spanish leaders saw it as a violation of international law, a politically motivated attack on Spanish rights. "We know those waters and we are not doing the fish any harm," insisted Capt. Miguel Per Pinero in the Vigo rally dispersed. "We were working honestly, legally, so why is Canada lying to the world about what we are doing?"

It was impossible to tell if he was making because Pinero was eye patch for the rally, part of the prize because he had shared while working a reputed Canadian flag. But at least some of his grandfather was disappointed. All sides agree that, in commercial fishing, no one tells the truth. "Everyone cheats," acknowledged Gloria San, editor of the respected trade publication *Industria Pesquera* (The Fishing Industry) in Vigo. "But we are excited because we have the biggest fleet in Europe as well as the largest domestic market, which creates more access to it as a conflict over economics, not biology."

But with no significant control fishing grounds of its own, Spain's long-distance fishing fleet is shifted wherever it wants. Irish and British fishermen are furious that the Spanish have been granted access to the so-called Irish Box fishing grounds beginning next year under a new EU directive. And Norwegian fishermen were among the most vocal opponents of joining the EU during the country's referendum campaign last fall, which ultimately rejected membership. They cited the certainty of the Spanish fleet in working against tending coastal over Norwegian waters in EU jurisdiction.

"Twenty years ago, the mortality was that the sea was full of fish, and the ocean was a big place," said Sergio Iglesias Martínez, a scientist at the Spanish Oceanography Institute in Vigo. Iglesias grew up in Vigo, and remembers the tension that once existed between fishermen and the scientists trying to measure the size of fish stocks. "But that has changed," he said in an interview in his office overlooking Vigo Bay, where crab boats kept chugging past his boat. "They know that they need the advice we give them, and they know that they must fish with care." Iglesias spent five months in the turbulent waters off the United States earlier this year, taking fish samples, and expects to return in the fall to work alongside his Canadian colleagues. "Those fish are so, so deep," he says. "This is a very technically driven fleet, and the fishermen feel that it was their expertise that found the grounds so the fish belong to them. Yet they let us do our work on board the ships, and they do care about conservation."

But the Eilat confrontation simply underscores the fact that there are too many boats chasing too few fish. "The reality is that no government wants to risk responsibility by confronting the fishermen, or farmers, or miners, whose work is so obviously hard," said Greenpeace's Aguilar. "So Spain tries to put a few boats here and a few boats there on the high seas. The North Atlantic turbot is the best fish for this job." The result is an increasing number of fish wars, almost certain to continue until the world finds a peaceful, legal way to rebuild stocks. The tragedy is that no one is demonstrating their frustration in St. John's or Vigo last week seemed to recognize the responsibility on the energy.



ON ASSIGNMENT
BRUCE WALLACE
IN VIGO



Galician women crowd fishing boats, demonstrators in Vigo (left) in the politics of fish, principle often depends on circumstance



Conflicting Emotions

BY JOHN DeMONT

The poor fish just did not stand a chance. No sooner had the stowed-on working in the hull of the sword Spanish fishing trawler *Tata* tossed a live, prying tarbot onto the frozen ground on the St. John's, Nfld., waterfront than the media feeding frenzy began. A flock of television cameras men jostled for the best angle to shoot their fish-looking subject, while newspaper and magazine photographers lit up the night sky with their rapid-fire flashes. As a reporter struggled to measure the tarbot—evidenced to the media to illustrate that the Spanish fishing fleet has been filling its nets with immature catches from the Grand Banks—a crowd of locals watched the bizarre press scene in increasing amazement. "No innocent boys," one bystander in overalls disapproves as his friends hooted. But in a week that began with a show of defiance against armed and aided sea soldiers as grim as the fish war itself, it seemed like almost anything was possible.

Even for a city possessing a well-developed sense of the absurd, when swordfisher came from the Hilti (Chips and Quail) and the local newspaper, *The Evening Telegram*, is actually published in the morning—last week's strange events seemed to stretch the limits of credulity. How else to describe the way in which the tarbot was sold under arrest in its harbor for failing to stop fishing tarbot outside Canada's 200-mile coastal limit? It was, after all, a week which witnessed Canadian diplomats and world-weary journalists from Spain, England and the United States descended upon the oldest city in North America and transformed a normally sedate hotel into a hotbed of rumor and intrigue. And it was a week that saw the unlikely spectacle of 6,000 Newfoundlanders crowded onto the waterfront to pledge their unequivocal support for the federal government—the same village that most of them have believed for years for fully reorganizing their once-fabled fishery



Amidst the rejoicing, Newfoundlanders express a deep sense of loss

In the end, the great tarbot battle concluded with no clear winner. The Newfoundland Supreme Court freed the *Tata's* captain on \$5,000 bail and allowed the ship's owner to pay up a \$500,000 bond in return for the vessel's release. But Ottawa had, at least for the moment, forced Spanish vessels out of the disputed fishing grounds known as the nose and tail of the Grand Banks, where the government alleges they threaten the future of one of the last fisheries still open to Canadian fishermen. Moreover, fishing allegations that the Spanish vessel used illegal nets and had fish as concealed compartments, the 15-country European Union (EU), of which Spain is a member, agreed to resume negotiations with Canada over the 23,000-ton tarbot quota which the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization has set for 1995. "There comes a time," gushed Canadian Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin, "when you've made your case to such a compelling fashion that you have to pause and give the other side a chance to catch its breath."

Spoken like a true Newfoundland! For them, the shortened fish war reduced a flesh Road to conflicting emotions: anger, frustration, fatigue and pride. Those feelings reached a crescendo as the

Protesters in St. John's the *Tata* (opposite) given 'something to cheer about'

crowd lined the St. John's waterfront, waiting for the *Tata*—a vessel by the name Canadian fisheries patrol boat, the Cape Roger, that sent four bursts of machine-gun fire across to blow after a high-speed chase on March 1—was ship hauled through the harbor corners under a sunny winter sky. "People around here are really down about the way things have been going," said Patrick Reynolds, 41, a St. John's construction worker. "Tobin's the man—he's given us something to cheer about."

The day of celebration did get a little nasty: the captain, Enrique David Casales, and Spain's fisheries ambassador in Canada, José Luis Pardo, were jeered, jeered and pelted with several eggs while under escort to the courtroom where David was arraigned on charges of illegal fishing. All things considered, though, it could have been a lot worse: the crowd joined with the ocean patrol fishermen and pilot workers reacted to the indignities of the handcuffed bandits after Ottawa closed so many of the province's fisheries in an attempt to avoid all-out extinction. Robert Adams, 55, now unemployed after working for 30 years at fish plants, was one of many protesters who would never resign that angry "insane" watching foreigners gives five-arms when

'WE ARE NOT WITHOUT SIN'

In the wake of the release of the Spanish trawler *Tata* in St. John's last week, Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin spoke with Maclean's about the controversy over the Spanish trawler's release. He also spoke with Maclean's about the controversy over the Spanish trawler's release.

Tobin: The controversy over the Spanish trawler's release is a very serious issue. It's not just about the fish, it's about the way we do business. We're not without sin, but we're not perfect either.

Maclean's: What is the future now of the fishery?

Tobin: It's already at the point where the only way tarbot can be harvested is with a longline gear, it really cuts into question whether or not there ought to be a tarbot fishery at all, even for Canadians.

Maclean's: People in Newfoundland aren't happy to hear that.



levels, and, of course, the foreign trawlers who expect and plunder Newfoundland's once-famous fishing lands.

Last week's confrontation, if the rally, also shows and suggests per se the other side of the coin, at least, it seemed all possible to do something to take control over their own fate. Robert Adams, a sociology professor at Memorial University in St. John's, maintained that it also gave people a positive sense of community and a feeling that they are not suffering alone. "Newfoundlanders feel lost and forgotten," she explained. "The way the



Tobin taking time to share with a group of kids

ing in 1995. We usually retired our entire offshore fleet. One of the great arguments has been, why has the stock continued to decline? Perhaps that inquiry was in part answered [last week]. The *Tata* in 1993, according to its log, had a very substantial catch of tarbot. And, even after those species were put on a long-term system, the Spanish fleet continued to build the surviving biomass to the point of no return. Maclean's: Canada has put great effort in to build a fishery out of a new treaty on high seas fishing. Will the fish be gone by the time the regulations succeed?

Tobin: That's the problem. That's why Canada asked us to do it. We were virtually certain that the way it was being fished, that that stock would not last. Generally

speaking, around the world, fish stocks are in decline, notwithstanding the fact that the technology available to fish fish is now available to tell fish, improves every year. We are putting more and more technology into catching less fish. That's unfortunate. Maclean's: Now critics say the fight with the *Tata* was about politics, not about conservation.

Tobin: My contribution, for whatever reason I am the minister of fisheries, is not going to be that I had a fisheries industry that bounced, it might be that we developed a fishing industry that put the resource first, last and always.

rest of the country once on side with this nation was heartening for lots of people."

From newspaper editorials to politicians and ordinary Canadians, that outpouring of support was almost unanimous. Jean Wright, senior vice-president of the *Montreal Star*, wrote that the polls were "a term to describe the national resolve." "Geeza Barabara," said Wright, "Canada are an exciting story enough that they would wear those T-shirts to go over there and dump a bag of fish on the desks of the European Union diplomats." Alberta Premier Ralph Klein felt sufficiently moved to write his fellow letter to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, telling him that Canada had done the right thing. Added Klein: "When you look at the devastation that has been caused over the years in the complete depletion of the cod stocks, and now having foreign fishing vessels go to the aid of the groundfish is absolutely terrible."

Yet in Newfoundland, beneath all the tough, angry talk, whispers of something else could be heard. It was evident at places like the weather-proof loft in a cove on the outskirts of St. John's where St. John's are 15 fishers may listen this one of 10—hammered nails into the spruce planks of a 25-foot fishing boat he has been building since Christmas. "It will take another century before the fishery comes back," he said, leaning to check his handiwork. Then, pausing to consider an unthinkable future without fish, his dream, his life, eyes suddenly sagged. "It has never been easy for us," he intoned. "We always seem to get locked down."

Newfoundland's history, of course, teaches another lesson: the resilience of a people who somehow always outlive. And that spirit was still evident on the St. John's waterfront one evening last week when a quiet band of about 100 Newfoundlanders stood in the tarry mist air to watch the international drama draw to a close. After four days in St. John's hotel rooms, gambling beer and whisky and a little bit of everything else, the crew of the *Bluenose* seemed calm and unrepentant as they boarded their ship, shaking out new signs for the Spanish television camera before heading preparation to raise anchor and head for the open North Atlantic. "If our worst case is, I will be back," Fernando Siles, the ship's reporter, said.

For many of the Newfoundlanders on board, there was no room for illusion or empty bravado. "Selling one bagging Spanish boat is not going to bring the cod back," said Craig Mulloy, 32, an unemployed fish plant worker from St. John's, on about 100 km south of the provincial capital. But in its own way, the *Bluenose* did. It could serve as a reminder of the weakness of the moment that is driving about the issue. "We made our point," declared Lew Sharpe, 77, a retired businessman. "It's a start at least." And for a province where loss has always been an abiding part of life, its victory may matter how ephemeral—it is worth saying. □

A stillborn debate

Making laws, the 10th-century German statesman Otto von



BACKSTAGE
OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON SMITH

Research said, is rather like making sausage: it is better not to watch either process if you want to enjoy the final product. The same may be true of making countries. Outside of Quebec, and excluding Canada's former battle-ready bastions of journalists, academics, constitutional lawyers, politicians and assorted other citizens from not his, only an occasional desperate for rebel could focus on the present sovereignty debate inside the province with any enthusiasm. Even in Quebec, where everyone has a stake in the outcome, the recent public consultations on sovereignty attracted lukewarm

attention and only here did the issue, without the excited discovery of many of the commission members that Quebecers want a better nation—and perhaps a guarantee of what their lives would be like after sovereignty before they vote for it. Only in Canada, therefore, could the act of making or breaking a country be as peaceful and boring.

There are several reasons, and all are far less obvious. One is that the Battle of Confederation necessarily has evolved into a dry statistical possibility that has all the allure of watching two accountants try to do a thing. It is hard for Premier Jacques Parizeau to deny federal debt-fighting efforts when Quebec—with a deficit forecast at \$5.7 billion this fiscal year—is doing such a spectacularly poor job on its own. And his hand for anyone to take Parizeau seriously when he says—no, he did not want—that Quebecers must vote Yes to save themselves from future federal tax increases. Thus, the debate carried on air of romance and drama. There was the fundamental question of the moment—the survival of a French-speaking people whose roots in North America date back almost 400 years. A charismatic leader, René Lévesque, could—and did—stake re-

sultant about oppression by talking about "white Rhodesians" in Westminster who spoke only English, and it was still possible to find such others. While salesmen in large department stores who refused to speak French.

Now, it is harder for sovereigntists to distinguish between heroes and villains. Most of the leaders of the movement, such as Parizeau and Premier Jean Charest, are going into a grey suit, interchangeable with the Bay Street bankers that sovereigntists have always loved to hate. Sovereignty is packaged like a prescription for France, offering tranquillity and soothing relief from all hardship.

At hearing, the calls to remember the Plains of Abraham and 1759 have been muted and remodeled into a more inclusive, ethnically affirming and to "territorial nationalism," a sort of new-speakism that includes everyone and means nothing. It is no longer fading symbols outside the province to denounce, since sovereigntists want an independent Quebec still to lay claim to the Canadian dollar, passport and economic agreements and perhaps to share in a common parliament. Perhaps this, then, could be a successful referendum question: "Vote Yes if you want to live in Canada, or to live in it, or to both of the above."

Perhaps the biggest fear federalists have done themselves is to let democracy take its course. Support for sovereignty was never higher than when the provincial Liberal were in power in Quebec; the *Bluenose* had only some members in Ottawa and Newfoundland dominated both levels of government. Thus, sovereigntists could complain they were not properly represented. Now, they control political representation from and within the province, and most Quebec's most charismatic politicians, Lucien Bouchard. As well, the Bloc has all but abandoned its formal role in the House of Commons as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition and speaks only on Quebec issues. Sovereignty can say whatever they want, wherever they want. Judging by the polls, perhaps it's time for them to consider that the problem isn't the problem, but the message.

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Reversal of fortune

Former Nova Scotia premier
Gerald Regan is charged
with 16 sex-related offences

Back in his heyday he was known as *Gobby Regan*—a fast talker, polo, one who had honed his verbal skills as a sports promoter, radio sports-caster and labor lawyer in Nova Scotia during the late 1950s. Last week, though, it was a subdued Gerald Regan who sat with his wife of 35 years and two of their six children at a backlogged Bedford, N.S., provincial courtroom amidst the alleged drug dealers, shufflers and other petty criminals waiting to be arraigned. But there was nothing trivial about the charges he faced: the former Liberal premier of Nova Scotia and current federal cabinet minister, indicted as a court official read out 16 sex-related offences, including rape, carnal rape and seduction, some of them dating back almost 30 years. Only when he stood outside the courtroom with his lawyer, Edward Greenough, did a hint of his old combative temper appear. "My name, too is one of superstition," Regan told reporters. "I am not guilty of these charges. I have no doubt whatsoever that I would not be facing charges under these ancient allegations if I had not been in public life."

That argument, in fact, seemed to fore-shadow the defense that Greenough, a highly respected Toronto-based lawyer, is expected to weave throughout the case. Both inside and outside the courtroom, Greenough maintained that the Nova Scotia RCMP had come to extreme lengths to prosecute his high-profile client simply because of who he is. Without a doubt, it was no neutral police investigation. On Oct. 27, 1980, the RCMP took the unusual step of issuing a news release announcing that they had been looking into accusations of sexual assault against the ex-premier. In the end, a 20-month investigation involved 350 interviews in Canada and the United States. The alleged offences span a 22-year period—ending in 1978, the year year Regan left the premier's office—and involve 11 different women.

Regan—who was premier of Nova Scotia from 1970 to 1978 and then served as the Liberal cabinet of Prime Trudeau from 1980 to 1984—has been the target of similar allegations before. The 65-year-old businessman and lawyer, who currently sits on several corporate boards, launched a libel suit against the CBC over stories carried in March 1984, on a 10-hour, eight-hour television newscast and on the nationally televised current affairs program *The 5th Estate* that

dealt with the RCMP investigation and allegations against him. He is also suing *Planet*, the self-styled literary magazine, for similar accusations contained in a November 1985 story.

But last week, Greenough, described by one local broadcaster as a "legal jack boxer," struck back with charges that the media and RCMP had joined together to build a case against his client. And he also called for an independent judicial probe into the way the police investigation was conducted (his decision, inevitably, will be left to Nova Scotia

arguing that at least two of them had given up their settings when they appeared on the late night, using their own names. Judge Ross Archibald agreed to a temporary ban, but Greenough will address the issue again on May 30 when Regan returns to court to make a plea. Greenough also requested that the court order a request to have Regan surrender his passport and supply a travel itinerary to the court, saying that his client is "too old to run, too well-known to hide." And when Greenough theatrically warned Poir that the trial will be her "nightmare," she coolly reminded him that "there is a code of conduct in this province" under which his comments would be considered "unbecoming."

Throughout most of the proceedings Regan looked composed but weary. Still



Regan with daughter Nancy and wife Corinne at a 20-month investigation involving 350 interviews

Judge Minister Bill Goff, a former minister at Regan's cabinet? "This is not a case of complaints coming forward," Greenough told reporters. "This is a case of police going out, asking certain types of questions, raising this much repetition."

If last week is any indication, sports will fly as the case proceeds. Regan's appearance was supposed to take just five minutes, but quickly degenerated into an hour of verbal sparring between Greenough, the imported hard-shot who has successfully defended a number of high-profile Nova Scotia clients, and Susan Poir, the province's homegrown director of sexual assault prosecutions. Greenough objected loudly to her request for a limit on publication of the names of all 11 women,

writing: As David Swick, a columnist in the *Halifax Daily News*, wrote "After a supremely successful life in the public eye, the best he can hope for now is to be found not guilty, pay hundreds of thousands of dollars in lawyers' fees, and return to some semblance of a normal life."

First, though, comes the trial when his actions as long as 38 years ago will be placed under the microscope. Regan, actually, is not the first Nova Scotia premier to come under a legal cloud. His first successor, the former chief John Buchanan, was the subject of a police investigation for allegedly secretly receiving money from a private trust. Although he was never charged, Buchanan's political reputation was damaged by the allegations. Next, at the very least, Regan seems certain to suffer the same fate.

JOHN EDWORTHY with DEAN GEE in Halifax

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We see that change—big, dramatic change—is needed. On our part, and indeed on the part of everyone who uses the system.

Why? Because four major trends are on a collision course that may lower the high standards of healthcare we take for granted:

THE FIRST TREND — AN AGING POPULATION.

Currently, seniors consume 25% of all prescription medications, and are three times more likely than the rest of the population to use hospitals. This has tremendous implications on healthcare costs since the number of people aged 65 and over will grow at an extremely rapid pace over the next decades.¹

THE SECOND TREND — A MULTITUDE OF OPTIONS.

After World War II there was only a handful of effective medications and treatments.

Today, 50 years later—healthcare professionals have a vast array of treatment and drug options to use and understand. And as patients, you have more choices than ever before. While more and better options is a good thing—the need for information and understanding has never been more important.

THE THIRD TREND — MONEY.

There isn't enough.

Governments, insurers, employers and taxpayers simply can't go on paying the way they have for what has become an unlimited expectation for medical care.

THE FOURTH TREND — THE SYSTEM ISN'T BEING USED PROPERLY.

Many patients see their doctor when they don't need to—and many don't see their doctor when they should.

- As much as 30 to 40 percent of all healthcare services, including hospital services and drugs, have been estimated as being used inappropriately. Doctors themselves acknowledge that this is a major problem.²
- Three-quarters of deaths are due to conditions that can be prevented at a low cost, while three-quarters of the medical budget is spent on curative services, many of them at high cost.³
- Poor communication. An important part of a good diagnosis is the patient giving the doctor the right information.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

All Canadians need to become more "health aware" so we can make more informed decisions and help reduce the direct or our healthcare services.

If every person had more information about what ails them, they might not enter the system to begin with. Or, get treatment earlier to help prevent longer, much costlier procedures.

WHY ARE WE SAYING ALL THIS?

Because we see our system sharing its standards threatened.

As the president of Astra Pharma Inc., you might think that I have nothing to gain by saying "use our healthcare system less," but as a Canadian with a family, I do. I want the very best healthcare system possible for us all.

That's why we feel it's our responsibility at Astra to continue to work as partners with government, hospitals, healthcare professionals—and with you—on these issues.

Together, we can find new and compassionate solutions that will make better, less expensive healthcare.

HOW WILL WE DO THIS?

We've already started.

Astra has shifted its efforts and spending away from direct promotion of our products, and more towards providing information for healthcare professionals and educating patients.

For you, this means getting precisely the medicine you need, and only the amount you need. There'll be less risk of complications, fewer repeat visits to your doctor and hopefully, a speedier recovery.

HOW WE CAN WORK TOGETHER.

In the months ahead you'll see a number of important initiatives from Astra that will help you get more involved in your own health:



ASTRA President, Gerry McDole with his wife and grandchildren.

- Free Information Kits developed with recognized health organizations to answer your questions on various diseases, available through a 24-hour toll free phone line.
- Information in newspapers, magazines and television about certain diseases that will help you recognize them early and take action sooner.
- A one-hour TV show, to be aired in March, discussing the future of our healthcare system and what we can do to keep ourselves and the system healthy.

- Free public education programs conducted in cooperation with local healthcare professionals in drugstores and clinics in communities across Canada.
- Support for every recognized health organization to help them do a better job for you.

TOWARDS A HEALTHIER FUTURE.

We must shift away from last minute, intensive, long-term hospital care because it's simply too expensive.

Instead, we must strive for early-onset, preventive, less expensive medical care—helped along by a "health aware" society.

It will take all of us to do it. And Astra is proud to be doing its part today.

Gerry McDole
President, Astra Pharma Inc.

ASTRA
Astra Canada Inc.

SHARING A HEALTHIER FUTURE™

We invite your comments about this message:

You can write to us at Astra Pharma Inc., 1004 Midland Ave., Mississauga, Ontario L4Y 1M4.

1. 1995 Canadian Disease and Therapeutic Index: Drug Volume 1, Fourth Quarter 1995 pg. 11. 2. Saskatchewan & Yukon: Spending Smarter and Spending Less: Policies and Perspectives for Health Care in Canada (The Health Group: 1994) pg. 10. 3. Statistics Canada: Population Projections for Canada: Present and Future, 1996 pg. 12. 4. Buckner D. et al. Why Has Our Health Care System Changed? The Best Issues (The Fraser's Centre on Health, Medicine and Social Justice: September 1992) pg. 3. 5. Thomas SE. Negotiating Health Care: The Social Contract of Chronic Disease (Sage Publications: 1992) pg. 233.

NEWT'S AXIS

in physics and magnet, the gangly, albino leader of Canada's Reform party could hardly be more different from the stocky chief of the U.S. Republican revolution with his hair-trigger speech. But in three starkly different ways, the two politicians, Ernest Preston Manning, 58, and Newt Gingrich, 56, stand close to common. Both were born under the sign of Gemini, the star twins of the northern sky. Both are the sons of the American Midwest of the south north, both are married to women who are also politicians. And both are, like their ally Manning himself, party men. Their wives were elected to the House of Commons in 1983. Nine years after Gingrich won the Minnesota Whig job in the House of Representatives, a Republican caucus elected him to the U.S. House of Representatives in a neck-and-neck race. In a neck party in January, And in Manning wrapped up a 49-hour ride to Washington last week on his first foreign trip as a parliamentary party leader, the day's honours for German Chancellor Helmut Kohl were shared together with Speaker Gingrich. "Love dominates, locally, nation ally, internationally."

Indeed, a political lesson on Gingrich's weekly cable-TV show, the pair contended that they are really into something bigger than greenrooms, national power or leads across the Canada-US border. "We're part of a worldwide phenomenon," said Manning. "There's literally a reform movement all over the world." Agreed Gingrich. "There's a worldwide move for everybody falls to be able to re-establish governments of the people, by the people and for the people."

As to the bilateral relations, even before the two leaders applauded each other on TV for their efforts to reduce national government deficits, Gingrich cited Reagan's 1980 campaign as a model for his fruitful electoral tactics last November. As well, he ranked his guest alongside Britain's ex-leader, the Iron Lady herself, in his pantheon of conservative gurus. Gingrich declared to a jostle of Canadian reporters in the studio of National Entertainment Television that "Margaret

REPORT FROM
WASHINGTON

BY JOHN HODGINS

Thatcher and Mr. Manning are the two non-Americans we most learned from. After the TV taping, Gingrich endorsed and autographed Manning's copy of *The Taxpayers' Budget*. It is Reform's proposal to balance Canada's budget in three years—a much more ambitious plan even than Gingrich's promise to erase the proportionately puny annual U.S. budget deficit.

As Manning departed the next day for New York City, where he presented his budget pleas privately to investors and Wall Street Journal editors, he delivered Guggenheim's personal praise—"I'm pleased from the party's standpoint"—while noting that "we believe we have had an influence here." He had been more assertive in a statement that brooded his party's advance (Guggenheim's words):

Manning and Gingrich on the set of Progress Report: holding a political fire-in

news release on his U.S. itinerary. "The popularity of the Reform party preceded Ross Perot and the Republican resurgence in the United States," he said then. (Paradoxically, now presidential candidate Perot garnered 19 per cent of the popular vote in the 1992 U.S. election—the same percentage Reform received routinely in Canada a year later.) "We are a major contributor to the development of populism in North America," Manning added, "and it is important that we compare notes with others who are moving in the same direction."

In the same vein, he bristled at a Canadian reporter's suggestion in Washington that Manning might be labelled the "Newt of the

■ The wing of the right-wing Heritage Foundation gets the celebrity treatment

North "Returned Manning 'Tie a Reformer from Canada, and I would like to go by my own label.'"

His label, Manning insisted, is not a political statement. "I am a Republican, and I am a conservative," he said. "I am a member of the Republican Party, and I am a member of the conservative movement." He said he was not a member of the Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, but he was a member of the American Enterprise Institute, a liberal think tank. He said he was not a member of the Heritage Foundation, a conservative think tank, but he was a member of the American Enterprise Institute, a liberal think tank.

The 15-month old TV company itself, which claims 14-hour exposure on almost 300 U.S. cable systems, although not in Washington, is run by the Free Congress Foundation. That promoter of "traditional values and conservative governance" was the beneficiary of a tax-deductible \$74,000-a-plate fundraising dinner last month featuring Gingrich as guest of honor and donors who also belong to the Progress and Freedom group.

Despite Manning's celebrity treatment by those right-wing groups, albeit with nuances that ranged between a hostile and a fawning, the Reform leader sought to distance his party from the radical policies embraced by his hosts to dismantle or diminish social programs and national standards. He rejected "outgunning everything on the left-right-center spectrum" in the Canadian context, especially for the Reform party. "While that may be appropriate here," he said,

as Washington: "It is becoming increasingly inappropriate for describing people's political positions, certainly in Canada." For Manning, "the emerging political axis is, are you a traditionalist, defending old systems—constitutional systems, social systems, economic systems, political systems—or are you a system changer? I would put us at the changing end. In Canada, I would put the traditional parties on the system-defending end."

Preston Manning gets a warm welcome from conservatives in the American capital

conservative on economic questions, said Manning, its members include liberals on such moral matters as abortion, gay rights, euthanasia and capital punishment. The national government has a future role as agent for international and internal free trade, he said, and as a protector of civil rights.

In striving to draw lines of difference with Congress Republicans over social welfare policy—both leaders say there will have to be major social spending cuts—Manning and Rehnke's policy calls for "promote[ing], privatiz[ing], and decentraliz[ing] delivery of social services." That included ideas for tax-sheltered personal savings as a substitute for present unemployment, major medical and retirement income insurance.

Manning that presented himself as a moderate variant of Gingrich, a useful of sage

becoming leader of the official parliamentary opposition, and eventually forming the government of Canada. "While dealing with different constituencies," he said, "Sommers' radical could undo his ambitions. He demonstrated in his introductory billing during a private reception given by the Presses and President Foundation in "a great revolutionary in our nation, a man who changed Canadian politics and is changing Canada." (Replied Morningstar, "A revolutionary should neither look like, nor act like, one, to get ahead in our country.")

Not beyond the basic splitting over terminology and particulars, Manning and Gingrich both raised Baptist, both trained in modern management techniques—stated together in confidence that they are riding the political wave of a new future based on old virtues from a simpler time. Just as Gingrich continuously invokes the founding principles of the United States, so too Canadian guests repeatedly quoted the same American source for his conviction that people must be taught how to manage their own lives.

River, the view beyond a
moments of shrapnel and the
of study as Manning spoke
was an inspiring presentation
of American lines, good and
evil. In a river bend, next to
the Watouga apartment
complex, with Richard
Nixon's statue, is the John F.
Kennedy Center. A reminder
of promise crushed by violence,
Dawson from the
Lincoln Memorial, represent-
ing both the best and worst of
America's record—and human-

Manuring found it appropriate to quote Thomas Jefferson: "I know of no safer depositary for the ultimate powers of society than in the people themselves. And if you think the people not fit to exercise self-government with absolute discretion, the remedy is not to take from them the power, but to inform their discretion." The chief aim of the Reform Party of Canada, said Manuring, is to instruct the people with new instruments, strategies and commitments how to make "big decisions affecting their own welfare." And that, when all was said and done, showed that a shade of difference from the goal of Newt Gingrich. The question for officials of the Reform Party is whether the business of manuring is their destiny.



PAKISTAN

Chaos in Karachi

A high-pitched wail comes from a back room of the Azam bari's house in a housing suburb of south Karachi. "That's my mother," explains 15-year-old Golam Azam. "She still can't believe that it's happened." Golam is referring to the recent death of her younger sister, Selwa, as the teenage girls were driving with their brother through another part of Karachi around midnight. "We were just 15 minutes away from home," says Golam. "We saw a policeman jump out and wave it on. He had a gun, so we stopped the car. But they started firing at us when my brother got out to talk to them." As the terrified Azams sped away from the police ambush, Golam continues, "I reached out to see if Selwa was all right. My hand came away covered with blood." Her van crumpled with bullets, Golam says that the family did not bother to complain to authorities about the murder because the Karachi police, like almost all throughout the country, would simply refuse to listen to them.

Selwa Azam is just one of the more than 1,500 people killed in a widening spiral of violence in Karachi in the past 18 months. And like Selwa, a 17-year-old student, many of the victims were innocents—ordinary citizens who got caught up in the growing Pakistani city's political, ethnic and sectarian strife. "Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto blames Karachi's instability on powerful sectarian traffickers and political opponents. Her government also guarantees about intelligence agents from India fomenting violence to destabilize Pakistan. But most Karachi residents say that the government is at least partly responsible. Said Ishaq Ishaq, editor of the magazine *Newsline* ("The prime minister, her cabinet, they all talk about getting tough with terrorists and war-cracked down. But then they go back to their palaces in Islamabad"), added Ishaq: "Everybody here knows some body who's been affected by violence, by crime or by terrorism. We just sit around wondering when our turn will come."

The answer to why Pakistan's largest city has become a cauldron of death lies in its troubled history. In 1947, the year of the partition of British India Empire into the independent states of India and Pak-

istan, Karachi was a sleepy fishing village on the Arabian Sea. Today, it is the country's bustling commercial capital, a slim-rimmed metropolis of 14 million people—many of them Muslims—surged from India known as Muhajirs, or "refugees," in the Urdu language. Excluded from most levels of government since independence, the Muhajirs finally formed a pressure group in the early 1980s that has since grown to become Karachi's most powerful political party. The Muhajir National Movement, known by the acronym MQM, became a major force in the city's well-organized underworld of gambling, extortion and protection rackets. MQM gunmen became experts at gangland-style executions, murdering political opponents to maintain the party's hold on city hall.

But other ethnic groups, such as Punjabis from northwestern Pakistan, also formed gangs—and fought back. The situation became so chaotic that, in 1993, the Islamabad government sent in the army to arrest MQM leaders and restore law and order.

Karachi's problems stem from the alienation of the Muhajir community and the inability of successive Pakistani governments to involve them in the political process. "We founded this country," complained one Muhajir intellectual, referring to his community's support for the establishment of a Muslim homeland. "But now, you don't find us in the army, the civil service, the education—nowhere."

That sense of grievance kept popular support for the MQM burning brightly through 2½ years of army repression in Karachi, which ended last November with a military push-in to the face of renewed Muhajir violence. This year alone, some 340 people have been killed in the seething city, including two American consular officials after this month.

Even devout Muslims at prayer are not safe in Karachi. Last month, gunmen burst into two Shiite mosques and killed 26 worshippers. Angry young Shiite men took to the streets to demand revenge against members of the rival Sunni sect, the majority Shiite community in Pakistan. Akram Saeed Ali Naqvi, the country's leading Shiite politician, cancelled retreats—but he also scolded Bhutto's government for its inaction. "We have a prime minister who on foreign trips tries to bring religious peace," said Naqvi. "The larger she gets, the closer this country drifts to civil war."

Power-sharing talks between the Islamabad government and Karachi's Muhajir leaders have broken down over the latter's insistence that arrest charges be dropped against exiled MQM chairman Akbar Hussain. The government's intransigence has angered many of the city's residents, including businessmen who have threatened to stop paying taxes unless a meaningful political dialogue resumes. But for Golam Azam and her grieving family, it is too late for politics. "We'll go back bringing back my sister," she says. "We don't even want revenge. We just want to leave Karachi forever and forget about it."

DANIEL LAK in Karachi

Karachi police dispense protection: alternatives

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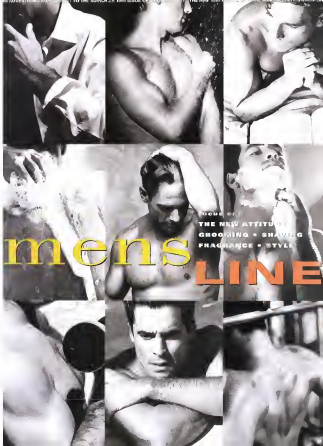
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ESCAPE

for men

mens LINE

welcome to an exciting new supplement just for men. This issue is packed with info - shaving, skin care and grooming tips, a rundown on hot new fragrances, plus hints on how to make your fragrance last longer.

Just flip through the pages - we tell you everything you need to know about fragrance and grooming to help you feel and look your **very best!**

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m a k e s

not
simply
scent



Why should you wear fragrance? It's simple—fragrance is about more than smelling good, it's about how it makes you (and her) feel. A particular fragrance can cheer you; soothe and calm you; or give you a devil-may-care, sensuous air that she'll find irresistible. Basically, the right fragrance enhances or complements any mood you may be in!

u e n s e

Keep these **fragrance facts** in mind:

- ◆ On a business day, choose one that's fresh and sophisticated for a subtle impression.
- ◆ Light, herbal citrus fragrances work best for casual weekends.
- ◆ For a change, try a musk or woody scent.

- ◆ At night, you can luxuriate in a sensual oriental scent or an intense floral fragrance.
- ◆ Leave your fragrance at home when you go up north to the cottage or back woods, because you'll only attract mosquitoes and some very funny looks from the locals!

Geog for Men is a refreshing blend of fruits, herbs and woods. Just right for when you're feeling lively and exhilarated.



In the mood for champagne? Try **Ungava pour l'Homme III**, with bright, citrus notes against a sweet, sensuous background.



Clean, bracing and sporty. **Polo Sport** has a spicy floral heart and sexy, masculine tones.



Universo is a manly mix of spicy, aromatic tones contrasted with soft floral and lush oriental notes.



scentstuff

• TIPS •

When it comes to fragrance, less is usually more. Start with just a little — you can always re-apply later in the day if needed.

Slush a small bottle of your favorite fragrance in your brief case or duffel bag to take along with you to the office or gym.

Store your fragrance in a cool, dry, dark place and do try to use it up within about a year.

DePaul
Expos
Montreal

Blue Jays
Toronto

Canadiens
Montreal

Sport MUSK
AFTER SHAVE
AFTER WASH
100 ml

The fragrance
for the ABSOLUTE man

skin head

great hair day

Your hair is one of the first things people notice and if it's dry and dull-looking they won't think much of your fashion statement! Luckily, getting your hair into shape and keeping it that way isn't difficult.

- ◆ Choose a shampoo that's right for your hair type.



Try Sport Mask for Men hair essential wash. It's masculine, with woody notes mingled with lavender and spice.

- ◆ Lather and massage shampoo in with the pads of your fingers, rather than the nails, to avoid scratching your scalp. Rinse well. Repeat if necessary.
- ◆ Follow with an instant conditioner, leave on for time specified, and rinse out thoroughly.
- ◆ Use a deep-conditioner at least once a week.
- ◆ Towel dry hair gently, comb with a wide-toothed comb once damp hair is more prone to breakage.

hair helps

- ◆ After swimming in a pool, wash hair right away with a shampoo formulated to remove chlorine.
- ◆ Two-in-one shampoo/conditioners and leave-in conditioners offer real convenience.

DEADLINE: APRIL '95

Regimen

A sensible skin care regimen is really fast and uncomplicated; and there are several complete, easy-to-use lines specifically designed for men. For great looking skin, keep these three simple steps in mind.

- ◆ **Cleansing:** to remove oil and dirt, which could cause blemishes
- ◆ **Toning:** to remove anything your cleanser missed and prepare your skin for the next step.
- ◆ **Moisturizing:** to replenish the moisture that skin loses every day.

skin savers

- ◆ You need to moisturize even if your skin is oily
- ◆ Choose your cleanser, toner and moisturizer carefully - dry or sensitive skin responds to gentle, alcohol-free formulations, you need something a little stronger if your complexion is oily.

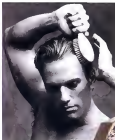


Photo: SHOOTING - BOB MAYER - JIM ALLEN

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With soft, flexible microfins for the closest shave ever.



Gillette brings you SensorExcel™, the next revolution in shaving closeness.

We started with Sensor's spring-mounted twin blades that adjust to your face.

Then we developed a remarkable innovation called microfins and placed them ahead of the blades. These soft flexible fins gently stretch your skin, causing your beard to spring upward to the blades.



can shave you closer, with more comfort.

SensorExcel's responsive "Plegrip" handle and unique pivoting action give you superior maneuverability and control.

This must be the closest, most comfortable shave you've ever experienced. Get Gillette SensorExcel. And get closer than ever before.

Gillette
The World's Shave Company



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THE ECSTASY OF THE UNKNOWN

universo



LES PARFUMS DE COTY
PARIS - NEW YORK

UN STAYS IN CROATIA

In a major policy reversal, President Franjo Tudjman announced that United Nations troops can remain in Croatia until a new mandate is worked out for a reduced peacekeeping presence in the former Yugoslav republic. Croatia had ordered the 12,000 UN troops to leave when their mandate expires on April 1, complaining that the force mostly consolidated the Serb minority's hold on a third of the country.

AN IRA FLAP

President Bill Clinton angered many Britons by allowing Sirs Fox, the political wing of the IRA, to open an office in Washington and raise funds in the United States for its cause in Northern Ireland. British officials said that Sinn Féin leader Gerry Adams, a guest at the White House on St. Patrick's Day, should not be welcomed into the political mainstream until the commanders agree to disarm.

RIOTS IN TURKEY

Turkish authorities put the death toll at 57 after four days of antigovernment riots in Istanbul and Ankara by the country's restless Muslim Alevis community. However, demonstrators claimed that at least 30 people had died.

AFTER THE FLOOD

A week of powerful storms and flooding in disaster-prone California left at least 14 people dead, forced 17,000 people to evacuate their homes and caused widespread destruction.

CRUCIFIXION AND REVENGE

Total youths in Bugumba, capital of the central African state of Burundi, wounded a large number of majority Hutus with grenades and knives after police found the mutilated and crucified body of a kidnapped Tutsi government adviser.

RENDEZVOUS IN SPACE

U.S. astronaut Norman Thagard became the first American to visit Russia's orbiting space station Mir, arriving aboard a Russian Soyuz rocket with two Russian cosmonauts. Thagard will conduct experiments on Mir for three months.

FREE AT LAST

Mississippi formally nullified the 13th amendment to the U.S. Constitution, becoming the last state in the Union to formally approve the abolition of slavery. The Mississippi legislature first rejected the amendment in 1865, concerned of white lawmakers' ennoblement by the Confederacy's defeat in the Civil War.

World NOTES



DRESSED FOR SUCCESS: Swapping his trademark olive-green military fatigues for a sharp blue suit, Cuban President Fidel Castro shares a laugh with French President François Mitterrand's wife, Danielle, in Paris. During his four-day visit to France, 67-year-old Castro would arrive and lunch with President Mitterrand—his first-ever private meeting with a Western head of state.

The mayor and the mistress

Effectively accusing a fellow cabinet member of lying, U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno asked for an independent counsel to investigate payments that Housing Secretary Henry Cisneros made to a former mistress. Cisneros has acknowledged his relationship with campaign worker Linda Medlar, whom he met in San Antonio, Tex., in 1988. He told investigators before his cabinet appointment that he had paid Medlar more than \$30,000 a year between 1990 and 1993. But as court documents released last week, Reno said Cisneros in fact paid her an estimated between \$82,000 and \$66,000 a year.

Cisneros became the third member of the Clinton administration, including the President himself, to have an independent prosecutor looking into his affairs. For more than a year, counsel Kenneth Starr has been investigating the Arkansas lawyer's dealings of Bill and Hillary Clinton in the 1980s. Another counsel is

investigating whether former agriculture secretary Michael Espy accepted benefits from a major poultry processor.

Courtroom battle

At the O.J. Simpson murder trial in Los Angeles, defense attorney F. Lee Bailey and prosecutor Marcia Clark traded insults over his witnesses heated three-day cross-examination of police Det. Mark Fuhrman. Bailey portrayed Fuhrman, who according to the prosecution, discovered a bloody glove behind Simpson's mansion, as a racist. Bailey suggested that Fuhrman may have planted the incriminating evidence to frame Simpson, a black former athlete accused of killing his white ex-wife and her male friend. The prosecution's star witness calmly denied the accusation, or ever telling fellow officers that he would pull over any black man he saw in a car with a white woman.

BACK TO BUSINESS

Before the bitter fight that ruptured their business partnership, Wallace and Harrison McCain managed to build a \$3-billion, multinational foodservice company with only a few disagreements between them. The brothers did, however, differ over public relations—specifically whether they should talk to the media about their company, McCain Foods Ltd. “It was one of the few things that we really disagreed on,” said Wallace last week, “and it started very early in our business, in the 1950s.” While Harrison was in favor of more openness, Wallace said, “I wasn’t sure it was the right thing for the company in the long term.” But last week it was publicist-Wallace who discussed that old dispute during an interview in the sleek Toronto offices of his high-powered public relations adviser, following a three-day binge of media sessions surrounding his bid to take over Maple Leaf Foods Inc. “We argued it a lot and finally I told him: ‘You’re on your own, do what you want,’” Wallace recalled. “Maybe he was right. I don’t know.”

Wallace’s new appreciation of the value of public relations has come about: more out of necessity, however, than from a true change of heart. He seemed up his feelings about a television interview last week by saying: “I’d rather be selling french fries.” His \$1.2 billion bid for Maple Leaf Foods, the largest food processor in Canada, has moved Wallace from the sheltered world of private equity, family-run companies into the bright glare that falls on publicly traded companies like Maple Leaf. Despite his lack of experience, however, McCain, 54, handled the new interview with aplomb. He steered off charges of nepotism that arose from his plan to buy his two sons, Michael and Scott, at Maple Leaf; learned a quick lesson in political correctness after he tangled during a television interview that only “housewives” shop for groceries; and appeared more relaxed than he really is, taking two breaks to change his tie and his family tie, “20 all the way,” he said, “after April 26.”

“That is the day he takeover bid is set to expire. Although there are rumors that one or more competing bids for Maple Leaf are about to be launched, McCain seems confident that his offer, worth \$11.5 a share, will win control of the company. Before he stepped forward, Maple Leaf shares were trading at around \$12.50. Hillside Holdings P.L.C., which has owned 56 per cent of Maple Leaf Foods for five years, agreed to sell its shares



Wallace McCain, 54, says he has something to do, keep me out of anything.

to Wallace unless a higher bid is made. To finance the takeover, Wallace will invest between \$100 million and \$150 million in personal wealth. The Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board, which had supported Wallace's efforts during the past two years to buy all or part of McCain Foods, is putting up \$100 million (page 39). The rest of the cost of the takeover will be paid by stripping Maple Leaf of its cash reserves, which stood at \$220 million at the end of 1994, and selling \$500 million in long-term debt—which the Vancouver, British Columbia-based bank is lending—in the company's balance sheet.

Wallace insists that his proposed money into the food industry will not be in direct con-

nection with his brother because Maple Leaf and McCain sell very few competing products. And for that reason, he says, there is no conflict of interest if he chooses to remain on the McCain board as a vice-chairman. McCain Foods built its business in frozen french fries, pizzas and frank pizzas, while Maple Leaf makes and sells prepared meats as well as bakery goods such as Dempster's breads, Monarch flour and grocery brands such as Tenderloin beef and Pemmican chicken.

Wallace notes that his plan for Maple Leaf includes expanding its sales to the United States, South America and Asia—either by introducing Maple Leaf products to those markets or by taking over established food companies. In

executive officer at McCain Foods last October when a majority of the family board that controls McCain Foods, led by his brother Harrison, voted to oust him from the job. Last month Harrison announced that he, too, would step down and turn the post of chief executive over to Howard Mann, a British food industry executive. Harrison and Wallace will keep their jobs as vice-chairmen of McCain Foods.

Wallace's unilateral decision to appoint his son Michael, 35, to a senior management position as head of the company's U.S. operations in 1993 has also been cited as the trigger that caused the brothers' fight. But Wallace said that a bigger problem was his desire to keep on working at a time when Harrison, 57, wanted to retire. Wallace has worked. Harrison has had a heart attack and his wife, Blake, died of cancer last year. “I feel that as long as my health stays good, I want to continue,” Wallace said. “It gives me something to do, keeps me out of mischief.”

Both men became famous for their prodigious energy and industriousness when they were in their 20s, working as managers for K.C. Brown, the late head of New Brunswick's other great business empire. But Har-

risson, for his part, Harrison is co-officer. He said that when he learned of the Maple Leaf bid he called to congratulate Wallace. “I hope he makes it. I really do,” said Harrison. However, he refused to compare McCain Foods and Maple Leaf, even though he and Wallace had carefully studied the company in the mid-1980s when they tried to take it over. Said Harrison: “Anything I say would be taken as a criticism.”

But despite his uncertainties over his own health feelings, Wallace still defends his brother over reports that Harrison is an unreasonable ancestor. In a recent article in *Globe and Mail* magazine, Wallace's wife, Margaret, who is also New Brunswick's second-greatest politician, said that Harrison is so demanding that he even decided dropping decisions in his home. “My God, I couldn't even decorate my house blue,” she said. “I came from a family that loved blue. I had period rooms that were blue. Harrison hates blue. He hates green. So everyone decorated their house in green.” But Wallace, reportedly unimpressed by his brother's strong opinions, defended Harrison last week. “Look, he has obsessions. I have obsessions,” said Wallace. “The facts in the story are true, but that never really bothered me.”

For now, the other loser in the McCain feud is Flanaganville, N.B., a town of 700 on the edge of the Maine border where the McCain family has been growing and processing potatoes

After spending 40 years building one food company, McCain is bidding \$1.2 billion to buy another one

for more than 35 years. Last month, Harrison announced that the company's new CEO will be based in Toronto, where McCain Foods will open a global head office. And last week, Wallace told Michael that he, too, is thinking of leaving shortly. “I don't know,” Harrison has been considering a head office move to Toronto for some time although Wallace wanted to stay in Flanaganville.

Nevertheless, after he was removed from his job, Wallace moved to Toronto. For now, he is living in a luxury midtown condominium while house hunting. He said that he had hoped to live in the country until he learned that it would require a 45-minute commute twice a day. “That's out,” he said. “In Flanaganville, I could get to work in three minutes” lives though their business partnership has ended, it seems that Harrison is still forcing Wallace into moves that he does not really want.

RENEE DALGLISH



Ontario Teachers' Robert Engstrom and Eugene Wright: venture capital financing

a \$35,000 annual pension, indexed to inflation. The average teacher collects a pension for 35 years. Claude Lamoureux, president and chief executive of the Ontario teachers' pension plan, explains that the \$4,000 contribution only covers about 30 per cent of the pension's eventual cost—the remainder must come from the return on investments. "We run this fund as a business, aimed at meeting the needs of Ontario's teachers," said Lamoureux. "We're large investors in a relatively small Canadian market, so we also look for investment opportunities in companies that aren't in the market."

At the Ontario teachers' pension plan the deal maker is 40-year-old investment manager banking Eugene Engstrom. Anywhere from 350 to 500 deals a year cross Engstrom's desk, and he pursues two or three of them as investments. In addition to backing Wallace McCain's bid for Maple Leaf, Engstrom has also spearheaded the fund's 49 per cent partnership in Steve Stano's takeover of Maple Leaf Gardens Ltd., as well as the 1985 purchase of Magnapaper from Waterloo. T. G. Bepko & Co. Ltd. Another set of the teachers' fund as part of a bid for beleaguered real estate company Cadillac Fairview Inc. of Toronto.

and is also offering \$158 million for a stake in the Cadillac Fairview-owned office towers that make up the Toronto Dominion Centre and Vancouver's Pacific Centre.

To date, Engstrom's record includes eight successful exits. The value of his \$400 million portfolio in his teachers' fund rose about 15 per cent in 1994, outperforming last year's flat showing by the Toronto Stock Exchange index of 300 stocks. Engstrom, who is a native of England, came to Canada in 1975 and did an MBA at Toronto's York University before working at investment management posts that included the Abu Dhabi Investment Authority. His performance earned him \$840,000 in salary and bonuses in 1993.

Still, the pension fund industry's overall track record on investing in takeovers reflects the risks as well as the rewards of launching out. Among the most aggressive Canadian funds is the \$675-million Caisse de dépôt et placement du Québec, which manages the pension and auto insurance funds of Quebec. The caisse's overall 1990 performance was a below-average 10.7 per cent return—this year's results are expected by investors to be even less. The Caisse has been losing money on takeovers such as the Unis (now Prologis Inc.) grocery chain, where the caisse is a 39-per-cent shareholder. Elsewhere,

the risk of any one deal going sour is offset by the enormous size of pension fund assets. Ontario Teachers' Lamoureux says, "While I don't want to pretend that we are successful, a \$300-million investment isn't a huge transaction for a fund of our size."

For Canadian entrepreneurs, the aggressive new stance of the pension funds is a welcome development. "The pension funds are the only equity providers who are taking the lead," says Larry Stevenson, president of SouthBooks, whose proposed purchase of Celine Inc. (formerly Best Southern Inc.) will be financed by Caisse's General Capital Ltd., a Toronto-based company controlled by the \$6.8-billion Ontario Hydro pension plan and the \$4.6-billion Hospitals of Ontario pension plan. Stevenson also had the pension funds' backing for the \$215-million purchase of SouthBooks from Federal Industries Ltd. in 1994. He says these funds control their money for four to seven years, while conventional sources of money such as banks and venture

capital in the U.S. are more short-term oriented. According to Phillip Doherty, who left an established career as a partner in accounting firm KPMG to become president of Canadian General Capital in 1990, that trend will continue to gain momentum. Doherty says returns on risk capital that are expected to average more than 30 per cent annually over time will attract pension funds, and he adds "it's a bit surprising that more funds haven't already done it."

But away from the pension funds is not just penance from heaven—a sin comes with strings attached. Quebec's caisse has led a movement by pension funds to make executives and corporate directors more directly accountable for their decisions. As part of that initiative, the caisse's directors are already playing a stronger role on corporate boards by asking on time. With a \$150-million investment in the Maple Leaf Foods takeover, for example, the Ontario teachers' fund has acquired the right to name three of 13 company directors.

In the long run, a pension fund would have simply sold its shares in a company if it was dissatisfied with its performance or its management. That that pension approach is increasingly impractical when a fund's investment stakes are so large and, in a relatively small Canadian stock market, difficult to sell with out serious damage to the share price. Investors who are willing to throw their weight around are a new customer for Canadian managers, and investors are inevitable. Peter Bentley, chief executive of Vancouver-based Canfor Corp., says multinationals like the pension funds were vocal in expressing their views on issues that arose during his company's successful takeover bid last December by Slocan Forest Products Ltd. Lamoureux says, "We don't want to be activist just for the sake of it, but if we see a board underperforming, we will discuss the issues with them."

The ongoing search for better returns has made Canada's pension funds investors in the financial markets in the past few years. This is a sensitive subject in the wake of the collapse of Baring PLC in late February, largely because of derivative investments that pension fund managers must first enter the controversial financial instruments, which have their own set of rules of other securities such as bonds, stocks or currencies, helps to diversify risk and to protect returns' savings from unanticipated movements in the market. Just as they have led the pack as merchant banking investments, the Ontario teachers' fund is also one of Canada's largest end-users of derivatives, they say. They deploy these instruments to lessen the interest-rate risk that comes from holding \$157 billion in Ontario bonds loaned over the days when the provincial government ran the fund. But Lamoureux says, "One of our constraints compared derivatives to hedge their assets, value and volatility. We only take derivatives for hedging purposes, such as currencies are a welcome possibility."

ANDREW WILLIS

Looking forward to retirement

Pension funds back corporate takeovers

Canadian pension funds are not what they used to be—and neither are the people who run them. Until quite recently, pension fund managers sat quietly in the rim of financial markets, clipping coupons and trading stocks and bonds. Now, however, a new breed of money manager is stepping into the spotlight and taking a starring role in high-stakes, sometimes controversial merchant banking deals. Wallace McCain, for one, sits at the power of these deal makers. His \$1.5-billion takeover bid for Maple Leaf Foods Inc. includes \$150 million of his own money, plus a \$350-million

investment by the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board. "To be honest, I missed the money so easily that it scared me," McCain told *McGraw-Hill's* last week. "The people I talked to asked me lots of questions and I guess they were satisfied with the answers."

McCain's alliance with the Ontario teachers' pension fund—which has assets of \$25 billion—means that the retirement account of more than 305,000 teachers in the province may soon be closely tied to sales of Maple Leaf livestock meats and hot dogs. The takeover bid will be decided by April 23 and the pension fund could hold up to 45 per cent

of Maple Leaf if that bid is successful. But Ontario teachers are not alone—other pension funds are also playing the takeover game to earn a better return on their investments. Their ultimate goal is to meet the retirement income needs of a rapidly aging baby-boom generation in Canada, at the same time as federal and provincial coffers are shrinking and the established social safety net frays. According to a recent report from the Office of the Superintendent of Financial Institutions, the Canada Pension Plan will run out of money by the year 2015 unless additional contributions are made.

Pension funds are also on the trail of such uncorrelated investment ideas because they are required to invest their billions in Canada's relatively small, liquid and underwritten markets. Keith Anshachishvili, president of pension fund consultant Keith P. Anshachishvili & Associates, says, "This is a tremendously positive development, both for plan members who get an extra return for being at the table and for the economy, which needs this type of investing."

The bulk of a private sector pension income depends on the skill of the money manager investing the funds. A typical Ontario teacher earning \$30,000, for example, contributes \$4,000 a year towards what will eventually be

Business NOTES



CP Rail employees strike a pose: a dispute over job security is escalating

Striking a hard bargain

Unemployment employed by British Columbia port authorities refused to work after the federal government ordered an end to a four-day work disruption. Since 1400 workers, members of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, walked out the job on March 13 and the longshoremen they supervise refused to cross their picket lines.

The strike was ended by the longshoremen's union in the past 14 months. Government legislation also ended the one, in February 1994, after 32 days. During the 1994 strike, Japanese buyers cancelled an order for 40,000 tons of Canadian barley worth \$4 million and awarded the contract to another supplier. Ottawa announced that it will launch an investigation into labour relations at the ports.

This time, the strike led to allegations of western grain and other commodities. That contention caused the Canadian Wheat Board to cancel all shipments to the west coast, and nearly half a million tons of grain from Saskatchewan is backed up en route to ports in Vancouver and Prince Rupert, B.C.

Meanwhile, the combination of the port strike and the escalating strikes against Canadian Pacific Ltd. prevented almost 80 per cent of Canada's sulphur production from being shipped—at a time when demand is booming. Canadian lumber and mining

companies were also hit by the disruption. CP Rail has lost out more than 4,000 ship workers who fly the railway's trains and has brought in replacement workers. Most of the ship workers refused to cross picket lines set up by 2,200 striking track maintenance workers. The track workers were locked out after they began rotating strikes. The dispute is over job security for the rail employees. CP is spending at \$6 per cent capacity and Ottawa says that it will stay out of the dispute as long as major rail lines remain open.

The turning tide

Canadian natural food sales took a dive last month as revenues tumbled from turbulent financial markets to food industry uncertainties. Figures released by the International Food Institute of Canada for the month of February showed net redemptions, or redemptions in excess of sales, at \$772 million for the industry. January's net redemptions hit \$2.3 billion.

The high level of redemptions is in sharp contrast to last year's activity, when the industry posted a record \$14 billion. The two months are critical to the industry because they represent the peak of 1993 season. Despite the low level of redemptions, natural-food sales managed a gain of almost one per cent in February, resulting from gains in stock and bond markets.

SWEET REVENGE

Revenue Canada established a trade war over sugar by launching an investigation into alleged dumping of sugar—mostly from the United States—in the Canadian market. The investigation could lead Canada to impose countervailing duties to make unprocessed sugar imports more expensive. U.S. sugar exports to Canada account for about 75 per cent of domestic consumption. Duties would be imposed only if the inquiry determines that imported sugar is being unfairly subsidized or sold at a lower price in Canada than in the exporting country.

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

Cross-border shipping by Americans in Canada is on the rise. According to Statistics Canada, the number of seaway car trips by Americans rose 0.5 per cent to 1.9 million in January, the highest number since December, 1992. The increase reflects the weak Canadian dollar, which was worth about 71 cents (U.S.) in January. Another factor is that the gap between U.S. and Canadian gas prices has narrowed to about 70 cents per litre.

BAKING THE FACTS

Banque PLC, the British merchant bank which was recently bankrupted by the derivatives trading of Nikkō London in its Singapore office, may now face a \$50,000 fine in Singapore. London was sent to Singapore by Banque because it could not get a securities license in Britain after he led about an unpaid debt in his 1992 application. The bank may be fined for failing to disclose that information to authorities in Singapore.

GOLDEN REWARDS

Barrick Gold Corp. of Toronto paid its top two executives a combined bonus of \$9.9 million in 1994 for the roles they played in Barrick's successful \$2.2-billion takeover of L'Anse-au-Loup, Quebec chairman. Barrick received \$15 million in addition to his \$475,000 base salary. President Robert Smith received a \$200,000 bonus in addition to his \$300,000 salary. The company also revealed that former prime minister Brian Mulroney, a Barrick director, was paid \$141,406 for advice and support in 1994.

TIMES STAND STILL

The 13-year-old Financial Times of Canada was closed last week by media giant Thomson Corp. of Toronto. Executives said poor long-term prospects brought down the weekly publication, which was distributed to 174,000 subscribers through The Globe and Mail newspaper.

THE NATION'S SPOON



our national interest, we ought to use the same criterion vis-à-vis Quebec.

Whether the legality—surely as dubious as our claims to abdicate bits of the Atlantic—behave that Quebec has the right of self-determination. But that doesn't mean we are obliged to help make Patrice's dreams come true. It is not in our national interest, for example, to share our dollar with a sovereign Quebec, which every study indicates would run into major economic problems following independence. It is difficult enough to take the Canadian dollar seriously as a world currency without subjecting it to the obvious absurdity of becoming the official medium of exchange for a major sovereign republic straddling the St. Lawrence Seaway. Canadian currencies simply don't work anywhere else in the world (except for Belgium and Luxembourg, which is a special case), and the suggestion of a common monetary policy must be officially rejected by the Canadian government well before the referendum.

As well as guaranteeing our dollar, Patrice has pledged that if Quebecers vote to support his referendum question (assuming he dreams one up in time), they will be able to hold on to their Canadian passports and claim dual citizenship. No way. In *Divided Loyalties*, David Citizenship and Resettling the Economic Union, a fascinating study of the issue written by former federal cabinet minister, he argues that if the C.D. follows suit, the consequences are very precise. Harri's current agenda would mean that dual citizenship would become a one-way street, with the habitants home by a thousand.

Under the split, as visualized by Patrice, Canada would still be liable for paying current benefits—including ailing security, student loans, medicines, guaranteed income supplements and so on—to Quebecers who retain their Canadian citizenship and move to Canada, even if they vote in favour of full political independence. L'Anse-au-Loup, instead of Ottawa. At the same time, citizens of Canada resident in Quebec would have the right to work anywhere in Canada while other Canadians would lose the right to work in Quebec. Harri recommends that Canadian citizens, even if they vote in favour of full political independence, be treated as second-class citizens while on the citizenship of and over-allowance—in another country. "For Canada not to withdraw its citizenship," he points out, "would be tantamount to endorsing inter-territorial federalism."

Yet again, Jean Chrétien must make it crystal clear before the referendum that Quebecers cannot have it both ways—that if they decide to leave Confederation, it will be with their own currency and their own passports in their jeans. No way.

Such policies are not articles of Quebec. They are declarations of Canada's national interests, and our determination to defend it. If we find the plan to do so, we can thank the lovely author for setting us free.

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

It is difficult and probably not strictly relevant to link the turbulent dispute with Newfoundland with English Canada's reaction to Jacques Parizeau's fight for Quebec independence. But there is a lot of a common undercurrent worth noting.

The fish-war incident was one of those rare moments when Canadians have fired shots in anger on their own behalf. In the past, we've seldom had a war to call our own and have instead usually fought other people's wars on distant battlefields. What was more significant about the armed intervention in the fishing Atlantic in the so-called case of the Grand Banks was that instead of being embarrassed by what happened, Canadians felt proud to be cast in the unusual role of aggressively defending the national interest. True, the machine-gunner aboard the fisheries patrol vessel Cape Roger who fired the first bullets at 30-calibre bullets was not a Canadian. But the fact that he fired the first shot, making sure that he didn't let anyone say anything, that Canadians didn't use machine-guns to impose their will, we never drew lines, even terrible ones on the water, and say, "This is for us, and no more."

In the past, we have always behaved as the overly cautious observer, the neutral party-observer—the only critics of any of the world's major powers who would rather be Clark Kent than Superman. Our relatively young government has no coasted coasts in its past to synthesize military intent or local world trends, we spring from big cities (which looked when it seemed to be the rest of the world), representing hope and determination and, above all, survival.

But here we are, rising again to subdue Spanish treachery because the fish they're catching make, at some point in their history circles, conveniently seem to be Canadian ones where we could accept them. No matter how hard Ottawa tries, the Law of the Sea doesn't support our action. The Spanish fleet was fishing more than 200 miles offshore, be-

We were citizens of the only nation who would rather be Clark Kent than Superman. No more. From now on, we defend our country.

eyond our jurisdiction. In a way, the dubious loyalty of what we did gives added emphasis to how strongly we feel about the issue. It wasn't our right to stand against to deplore our fisheries work beyond their already political state. Enough is enough. There came a moment when the diplomatic niceties had exhausted themselves, and we put down what we stood up for what we believed in. We came to the defence of our own country.

The fact that Brian Tobin, a former prime minister's brother, was present in the elementary fish tanker whose previous reputation was more for mass than substance, has belated with strength and dignity through out the entire episode, has helped to buoy up public acceptance of the potentially violent situation. But I believe that what happened reflects a deeper resistance within the Canadian character, a basic shift from decision to defiance that may well translate itself to the way the rest of the country deals with Quebec's aspirations to independence.

We must not resort to machine-guns as a means of keeping the country together. But we must draw lines beyond which we will not be so easily Quebec's resistance. Having gathered the national will to face down a group of "fishers," we ought along against



A STAGGERING NUMBER OF BANDS; STRONG SUPPORT FROM MUSIC LOVERS

Joe (left) and the lead singer of *These* (above right) at The Falls Pub in Vancouver; Russ in Blue (right); David comes



record cost only \$3,000 to make. It is still near the top of Toronto's indie charts seven months after its release, and has earned \$40,000. "They'd have to sell six times that amount on a major label to make the same money," says Dublin-born Murphy, who also manages JucyBones. "And this way, there's no record company to tell them how to dress or what niche to fit into. The band has total creative control." Jeff Rogers, manager of Crash Test Dummies, is also taking the indie victory with its progressive new Toronto group, Rusty. The band's five-song effort, which includes the delightfully offbeat ballad *Just Me and A.J. Song*, an offshoot (sort of) tribute to the Canadian singer, was released in December at a cost of \$5,000. So far, it has broken even.

Independent labels are the driving force in the Canadian music industry, than 10-year-old Network Records has been the central indie thrust. In the 1980s, the Vancouver-based company launched the careers of Stevie Nicks and the now-defunct Grapes of Wrath. More recently, it has been associated with the emotionally eloquent Sarah McLachlan, whose latest album, *Flamingo* (Tasmanie Records), has sold more than one million copies worldwide. And the label has pioneered multimedia technology in Canada, releasing interactive CD-ROMs by McLachlan and the band Grapes, a group made up of former members of Grapes of Wrath, that include videos and artwork as well as music. Live recorded concerts and artists across the country. Networks is also establishing itself on the Internet, to give fans access to information about its artists and to a selection of musical tracks.

Nowhere in Canada has the indie spirit spawned a healthier scene than in Halifax, where local fringe situations Sloan and the slighter job got the city tagged as "the next Seattle" two years ago by various American music magazines. Sloan, a young four-piece group, started its own label, mardonnas, and has introduced groups making Eric's Day, Harding Pass and Thrush Illusion. Both Sloan and Eric's Day, from Moncton, N.B., are vying for Janus in the newly created best alternative album category. According to Sloan's Jay Ferguson, the reason for Halifax's flourishing music scene stems from its geographic isolation. "No bands come here, so you start your own band and start shows," says the 25-year-old. "Anybody can have a label—just put a tape out and you've got a label."

Important for the thriving indie movement can be traced directly to Toronto producers Howard Lader and Sanford, Ontario-based Celtic singer Laraine McKinnon. Both acts released 10- to 15-minute cassette and CDs and, through their own distribution networks, managed to sell the sort of quantities that major record company executives dread. Each now has a major-label deal. In the case of the Laders, who sold an unprecedented 80,000 copies of their 1995 self-titled cassette, success has become a family affair: band member Steven Page's sister, Victor, who set up a small distribution company along with the group's manager, Nigel Best, now runs Page Publications Inc., a pioneering operation that distributes tapes and CDs by more than 30 Canadian artists to record stores across Canada. Recently, 33-year-old Victor Page quit his teaching job to devote himself full-time to the thriving business.

Battered Ladies, like *The Tragically Hip*, Blue Rodeo and other established acts, have also helped to foster Canadian talent

by exposing new bands to their audiences on tours. The Hip's recent four-album Vancouver's The (Uk)le and Toronto's Change of Heart, a serious indie band (but recently signed a deal with Virgin Records). Craig Morbey, a singer-guitarist with The Odds, praises the Hip's generosity to up-and-coming bands. "Last year, they paid for us to come down to Seattle to see them play and then they canceled," he says. "Then, they invited us to play with them on Canada Day at Victoria Park in Burnaby. I'm really glad for us."

Such supportiveness seems quintessentially Canadian—as does some of the new Canada's itself, which reflects various aspects of the country's diverse cultural identity. The Hip's dark and edgy songs dealing with forgotten hockey hero Bill Barlowe and drowned group of seven painter Tara Thomson are pure Canadiana. Both Sarah McLachlan and Grapes's Jane Arden, in rising star status, also incorporate at this year's Junos, continue the Great White North tradition of singer-songwriters that originated with such artists as Joni Mitchell.

But is there a Canadian sound? Well, there are certainly some distinctively Canadian acts—such as Toronto's The Drown Wonders, a group that has created a West Indian-flavored rap style that has nothing to do with hip-hop trends in Brooklyn or South Central Los Angeles. It is hard to imagine *The Rocker Family*, with its Caribbean-infused Martinique songs, or The Waltons, a Toronto-based band with its roots—and at heart—in Saskatchewan, coming from anywhere but Canada. Oliver Goldsmith, who continues to manage Bruce Cockburn and other singer-songwriters. "We used to say it has to do with the big open spaces in our country. There's a stillness, a calmness in what we do that's impossible." Dave Bidlo, a member of Toronto's passionately populist pop group the Silverstones, laments it as "the distance in the sense of place and the loneliness of the lyrics." J. D. Considine, a pop music writer for *The Baltimore Sun* and *Montreal magazine*, cites the "strong sense of personal statement in Canadian music, a perspective that bridges the individual to the universal, that you find in the best work of The Tragically Hip, Blue Rodeo and Crash Test Dummies."

Ultimately, the new confidence and prosperity has strengthened the voices of Canadian music artists are self-sufficing to what they are and where they come from. "Canadians are no longer afraid to be lovable, soundable bands," concludes Blue Rodeo's Cuddy. "All they want to hear is music that's honest and means something to people. Fortunately, we have a lot of that right now."

With RICHARD ABLETT in Vancouver and KYLE SIVA in Halifax

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[illegible][illegible]

BY NICHOLAS JENNINGS

On Tuesday night at MacMillan's downtown Toronto headquarters and the state-of-the-art machinery in working overtime. A crew is busy taping a live intimate and interactive special on the latest Canadian pop sensation, Crash Test Dummies. Besides performing some of its best-known songs, the band is patiently fielding questions posed by phone, fax, e-mail and a small audience. The focus is on front man Brad Roberts, whose of the quirky is beloved, dealing with his famous shampoo and style of underwear. Others are more predictable, dwelling on the nature of his hair-bent voice. The most provocative moment comes when Roberts, who has an honorary degree in English and philosophy, is asked whether his academic background has influenced his songwriting. "Yes, it has," replies Roberts, "and here I am, today, using words that are probably too large for this kind of television." Reeking how pompous that sounds for a pop star, Roberts quickly backtracks, flashing the broad, goofy smile used that is as much his trademark as The Vase. "I'm only not doing, right?"

But the truth is that Roberts and the Dummies probably are too smart for music television. Their songs—quirky, literate and sometimes even existential—don't fit standard pop conventions. The hyperactive brain behind the Dummies clearly belongs to Roberts, who remains almost all the group's material. *Reflex* (Sire) magazine has dubbed him an "upstart," while *Rolling Stone's* Canadian correspondent, Larry Latham, dismissed him as an "intellectual vesicle." Even the esteemed novel-writing Salma Hayek has identified him.

Yet, because of their accessible pop sound and universally laudable melodies, the Dummies are sufficiently down-to-earth to have won a broad audience. The group's July 1991 debut album, *The Ghost That Menaced Me*, which spawned the surprise hit

Swerve (Geff), sold an astonishing 800,000 copies in Canada alone. The 1993 follow-up, *God Shuffled His Feet*, has done 10 times as many with sales of over a million. Recorded in a rockier, more robust style, and featuring the oddball hit *Mean Mean Mean Mean*, the album has made the Dummies an international phenomenon and the most successful band out of Winnipeg since The Guess Who in the 1970s. That breakthrough earned the group nominations for three U.S. Grammy Awards, to chasing best new artist. And just week, the Dummies will crop in triumphant 38 months when they perform at Canada's Woodwards, where they are up for best single, best group and entertainer of the year. And the pop-love new freshman class in Canadian rock, the Crash Test Dummies have won—at least in terms of international profile and sales—the top grades.

At the MacMillan taping, the main-floor hallway is its usual cacophony of chaos, with producers racing around and technicians busy setting equipment. Hired up in a dressing room in the corridor are the Dummies' top-band members: Mike Reid, 28, multi-faceted and handsome player; Benjamin Durrill, 28, drummer; Michael Duggs, 24, and bassist Dan Roberts, 27, Brad's brother—all hanging around for a sound check. Brad, however, is not in the hallway, talking about these, old age, death—the usual stuff. The 31-year-old musician is not entirely convinced the rock star role. He has the leather jacket and the chest-length earthy hair, but not the attitude.

There is something puppy-dogish about him, with his hair flying down, mustache-like, onto his shoulders, and his large, odd, beagle-brown eyes.

Obsessed to the hallway the musicians at one point a gothic group of high-school students passes by—Roberts is completely focused as he talks about the unusual subject matter of his songs. "It's true that I've written about growing old, getting sick and dying," he says, coughing for a moment, as if an cue. Roberts's speaking voice—

like his singing one—is a resonant baritone that seems eerily attuned to its slight tremor and subtle manner. "I'm actually a pretty happy

guy," he confirms. "I certainly don't want to come across as some kind of pathetic, angsty, distressed character."

God forbid—God, or the concept of a deity, being another of Roberts's philosophical preoccupations. "I find theological questions intellectually interesting," he says matter-of-factly, "and I got a taste for that in university when I took a course about the history of the Bible." Another cough, this one causing him to double over spontaneously, leads Roberts to concede that he suffers from chronic asthma and is highly prone to colds and the flu. "I'm fairly attentive to any symptoms that may be cropping up," he says, adding that he takes as many as three inhalers with him every time he leaves his house. "But I don't think that makes me a hypochondriac. I just feel blessed. We God and God, little ground for something."

The discussion about his health helps to demystify the current album's many references to lungs and X-rays, its numbers like *Aftermath* and *Coffinwood*, which features the telling line "I've heard the noise in my bronchi." Reflecting his high-brow interests, the album also mentions T. S. Eliot, Jean Paul Sartre, cubists and dadaists. Ultimately, what saves Roberts from sounding pompous in his songs is his curious use of humor. It even crops up in the otherwise morbidly overt *Swimming in Your Grief*, which Roberts says was inspired by listening to Leonard Cohen in the cage. "When I'm sampling from your brain, sometimes I suffer from distractions like, 'Why does God cause things like tornadoes and mass wrecks?'"

Brad, a classically trained pianist who has known Roberts since their days at the University of Winnipeg, says that many audiences everything he does. "Brad's always careful not to sound too heavy or preachy, so he uses these little twists," notes Reid. "If people find him pompous, it's because they're intimidated by his choice of language. He uses the word *postmodern* in a sentence, which you'd maybe hear in an art theory class or something. But he's not being pretentious, that's just the way he talks."

Back in the MacMillan corridor, Roberts is directing the critical backlist that greeted *God Shuffled His Feet* in Canada, where he already crops and adds himself—"Let me back up, because that's not going to make a good sentence, grammatically or structurally." It is an irritating conversational tic, but his need for precision has obviously paid off in his songwriting. "When you have academic training," he says, "you learn to think critically. I have a very methodical approach to writing. Things don't just pour out of me, due to some inspirational muse. I usually write a bunch of crap and then edit it. Maybe one line out of eight or nine will be usable. Then, after three weeks of editing and throwing away a lot of garbage, something comes together that I'm happy with."

If that sounds dry and dogmatic, well, that's Roberts. With an analytical mind as cold as a Winnipeg winter, he is as he acknowledges himself as "a rationalist." Yet his songs—and his instantly recognizable voice—also make a warm

CRASH TEST SMARTIES

THE DUMMIES WIN TOP GRADES FOR CLEVER SONGS

first has made his bones from *McLaurie to Munich*. At the same time, his songwriting, with its detailed, wry perspective, seems somehow uniquely Canadian. Although he cites Cohen, Jane Siberry and the Bluebelles as among his favorite songwriters, Roberts claims not to feel part of the singer-songwriter tradition. Yet, as a teenager, he regularly attended the Winnipeg Folk Festival. And perhaps only a Canadian could have written a ballad like *Saperson's Song*, which whimsically mourns the loss of a socially committed hipster with a white-on-black slur.

Roberts is in many ways typically Canadian, having grown up in the middle of the country, in the suburbs, with average middle-class parents. Born to Nanette and Bruce Roberts, a stationary salesman and his secretary wife, Brad and his brother Dan spent their early years playing hockey on the streets of Winnipeg's St. James district.

Dan, a natural player, excelled, while the physically groggy Brad was somewhat less adept. Despite power-hitting lessons, Brad never cut it.

But he was lucky enough to have understanding

parents who supported his pastimes, including music. When Brad was in his teens, he formed his own garage band, called Long and the Breakables, which played 1970s rock covers. Says Curtis Biddell, a next-door neighbor who babysat the Roberts boys—and later fig-



Roberts: the hypnotic howl—and the father—led to the band's great success

At the end of an exhausting 18 months of touring, the Duncans performed one final, "all-nighter" concert at Toronto's Warehouse club in January. The audience was an eclectic mix of grunge kids and boomers with their prodigious enthusiasm. The two-nightstand "crowd gathered in the lot of the stage, publicly urinating rather than throwing cash in the usual concert cash pit, while the 10-year-olds

and a healthy royalty rate. With his earnings from *The Ghosts That Haunt Me*, Roberts was then able to buy himself a three-story house in Winnipeg, equip it with a 24-track recording studio and begin work on a second album.

With *God Shuffled His Feet*, the Duncans' fortunes began to turn south of the border. In January, 1994, MTV, which had shunned the video for *Saperson's Song*, put *Mean Mean Mean Mean* on heavy rotation. The next month, Duncans' manager Jeff Rogers landed the group a prominent date on *Saturday Night Live*. Appearances on all the major American talk shows followed, including three on *Late Night* with David Letterman. By the summer,

Mean Mean Mean Mean was the number 1 track on modern-rock stations across the United States. *Saturday Night Live* even parodied the hit with a song called *Headline News*. The Duncans thus capped their success with songs on two popular movie soundtracks: *The Philadelphia Story* and *Daniel & Daniel*.

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WINNIPEG'S BIGGEST BAND SINCE THE GUESS WHO

ured in the formation of the Crash Test Duncans. "His dad, who is the funniest man in the world, even took Brad to his first concert—Kiss Live!"

By the time Roberts enrolled in university, he was ready to trade his loud songs for Steve Seamon for Sylvia Plath and Nietzsche. "He was always interested in the big issues," recalls philosophy professor Brian Keenan, "metaphysics and morals, rather than day-to-day politics that his English professor, Judith Keenan, also remembers a well-debating was." Even though Brad was saying intelligent things, he always seemed aware of his talent limited his seriously.

While planning to work towards a doctorate and a possible academic career, Roberts joined Biddell, then owner of two Winnipeg nightspots, the Spectrum Cabaret and the after-hours Blue Note Café, in a bar band. They jokingly called themselves Bad Brad Roberts and the St. James Rhythm Pops, and played Irish jigs, TV theme songs and wild acoustic versions of Alice Cooper tunes. What started as a late-night lark turned serious when Roberts attended a workshop conducted by Lyfe Lovett at the Winnipeg Folk Festival. Inspired, he rushed home and wrote his first compositions, *Saperson's Song*. Flush with original material, the band evolved into Crash Test Duncans, a name suggested by a medical-student friend. Three of the members were working at the Spectrum—Brad Roberts as a bartender, brother Dan checking coats and Brad as a waitress. In 1988, they landed their own gig at the festival. They also got the attention of Richard Fildes, a Toronto music publisher who used to send the group's demos to anyone who would listen. Finally Fildes. They sounded very fresh, different from anything else around at the time.

After a short eastern Canadian tour and a bidding war from the major labels, the Duncans signed a lucrative deal with BMG. However, Roberts had already raised \$50,000 from the CBC and hadding agencies for the Duncans' first album. That ensured him creative control

and their parents were along to the Philadelphia song. In the *Days of the Duncans*. Despite such wholeness, longed shows, the band has managed to maintain its cool-pale-midwestern image: one of their Grammy nominations had little to do with their success. Their Green Day and hard-core records show that Brad holds in the best alternative music category.

Now, the Duncans have named themselves a suburban. After their June appearance next week, three of the members will return to Winnipeg to pursue personal projects. Brad, who recently moved to Toronto, is developing material for a future solo album. As for Roberts, he is living in a hotel in New York City's East Village, writing songs for the next Duncans album. Fildes has moved that to other urban centers, including his home town, he must now wear himself to avoid being pestered by fans. In Manhattan, however, he is free to roam about. "It's great here," Roberts said recently. "I can go out alone, quite anonymously, and not feel like a star."

Steady and, he says, with little time for relationships, Roberts fills his days with work and his evenings hanging out at poetry readings or avant-garde concerts. "He's a legitimate snail," says Brad, adding quickly, "Oh, God, don't quote me or he'll kill me. I mean, he is pretty much like that stuff as opposed to people who pretend." Snail or not, the man whom the British music magazine *NME* called "Professor of Jargon at the School of Postmodernism" is clearly an extraordinary pop star. Talking about an art exhibit he attended recently, Roberts asked: "Are you familiar with Kandinsky?" He was this early 20th-century guy who had all these colorful theories of how to paint. Then, worrying that he is sounding too lofty and ponderous, he tries once again to cite himself. "Back up, error all that," he says, "I'm getting unimpaired." Despite his efforts to curb his intellectual longings, Brad Roberts is still a smart Duncany who thinks in paragraphs. □

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SEDUCED BY THE SIREN CALL OF COMPUTERS

Scott was hooked, caught up in a restless world of traps and deadly animals. About 10 years ago, when he was between jobs and, he says, going through a lot of emotional problems, Scott—a 35-year-old Toronto resident who noted that his full name isn't used—would habitually stalk off to his room after dinner, leaving his befuddled roommates behind. There, he would turn on his computer and find his dark obsession—a game called *Lode Runner*. "At first, the idea was to beat my friends' scores," he recalls, "but I got better at it and began playing it more." After a couple of weeks, he was playing *Lode Runner* almost every night until 2 a.m. Three months later, Scott realized he had a problem. "I thought, like, 'Wow—you could waste your whole life in here,'" he explains. He went cold turkey—sneaking for good. And now, although he still has a computer at home, he has no games installed on it—the allure would be irresistible. "Brrr," Scott adds, "you can say, 'What would want to waste their time with a bunch of zeros and ones?' But you're not rational when you're on these things, and you get drawn into this different world."

Such tales of computer obsession are among the most compelling—some analysts might say alarming—byproducts of the digital revolution. And the more curious: more than the stereotypical computer nerd, the plucky, ready-



Have today's sophisticated computers become addictive?



eyed adolescent of popular perception. Fully one in four Canadian households now have a personal computer, and computer technology is an increasing presence in the workplace. The modern machines can do things that would put Scott's old Apple II to shame. With the advent of the Internet—and with the explosion in such technologies as CD-ROM—interactive games and simulations of reality have become more sophisticated, more absorbing, more fun. For some users, the computer's siren song has never been so loud.

But is it addictive? The expert jury is still out. "There is no recognized phenomenon of computer addiction," says Dr. Arthur Henricus, a psychologist at the Winnipeg-based Addictions Foundation of Manitoba. But he suggests that many people may have the potential for a pathological computer habit, similar to addiction to alcohol or gambling—or, for that matter, to television. "With the increase in the amount of stimulation available through computers now," Henricus says, "I can see the possibility of addiction developing."

Real-life stories are already rife. There is one woman who found her husband masturbating at his terminal—he was having a virtual affair with another woman he had been "talking" to on a computer chat line.

Then there was Steven Baberman, a Scottish airman who killed himself last October after amassing \$31,000 in debts to "feed his addiction" to computers. And then there is Kevin Mitnick, a hacker convicted in 2000 of com-

puter crime in California. A judge, ruling that his hacking was an addiction, ordered Mitnick to undergo therapy. But last month, Mitnick, 31, was arrested in Raleigh, N.C., for allegedly spending the past two years stalking three weeks of data files and credit-card numbers.

Such extremes, of course, are rare. And some researchers question the validity of talking about computer addiction at all. "I hate the metaphor of addiction—I never use the term," says Sherry Turkle, a psychologist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Turkey, whose book *Life on the Screen: Identity in the Age of the Internet*, a study of the relationship between technology and ideas of self, will be released later this year, compares what she calls "the seduction of the computer" with love or infatuation. "In love or passion, you learn about yourself," she says. Similarly, computers can be a testing ground for iden-

tity, the ethics, and what appears to be an obsession may in fact be a healthy process. Turkle is particularly concerned at MIT about "online over-dependence," or "multi-user dimensions." First developed in England in the mid-1980s, MUDs are virtual communities, little universes that exist only on the Internet. Users roam around the world can assume an identity and develop an alternate self, with his or her own characteristics and personality. With simple commands, the player instructs the character to search the "world" looking for treasure or fulfilling a quest—while encountering other players' characters in a role-playing, fighting, even making virtual love with them.

There are now more than 200 MUDs on the Internet, most of them free of charge, and they are as varied as the world itself. LambdaMOO, opened out of the Xerox Palo Alto Research Center in California, is what several call a "social MUD" because users talk and interact with one another without any real game going on. Others include Star Wars, a role-playing MUD; Cyberspace City, for kids; and Elysium, which offers supernatural encounters.

Some of the tens of thousands of MUD users, who tend to be young males, spend as much as 40 hours a week playing their cyber-space persona. But of other parts of life—like studying and working—do not matter, the computer time may actually be harmful to some people, Turkle says. "Some adolescents go through six months or a year of abstinence,

but, as far as wasting computer time goes, where there's a will there's a way." If you want to avoid computer addiction, she says at Mount A., says Kirk, a chemistry major at a small college who declined to give his full name. "You should talk about Doves." Produced by Software of Niagara, Tex., Doves is the big, vulgar daddy of computer games—and one of the best-selling in industry history. Possible by accident or design, the software challenges players to blast their way through a self world of demons and evil mutants—not to mention other players. Doves took Mount Allison by storm earlier this school year, Kirk says. "I'm my face, sometimes you'd get lost in the guys playing, all hooked to one the screen," he says. "The object of the game is to shoot the other guy. It's kind of mad, actually."

Janet Vias, a Calgary childhood psychologist, says that the violence of computer games, and the repeated stimulation designed to keep people playing, are potentially liable to create a "hook" effect. "I think that it is similar to pornography," says Vias. "If you show people erotic material and they get so they like it, they're going to want something a little bit more lurid, more arousing, more intense. And eventually, the only things that are left are things that you won't want to see." She says that a similar view of Internet chat groups and MUDs. In her family-counseling practice, Vias recalls a teenager who was spending long hours on the Internet where he was constantly exposed to racism and hostile talk—the shouting that he later known as flaming. "The hostility coming out

of him was just extraordinary," Vias says. "He could do pretty well anything on a computer, but his social skills were so significantly eroded that he was almost impossible to live with."

The computer lack in not just for kids. David, a Toronto writer in his early 40s, has used computers (and work for the years) since last December—when he upgraded his obsolete home computer to a more powerful model—has he recognized the computer's "addictive qualities." David is a fan of *Microsoft* and *Software*, both of which came with the Windows operating system. "I think that's you don't realize it," he says. "Somehow you think to yourself, 'Well, maybe I'll stop,' and then before you know where you are you're playing another round at the game."

David, who often finds himself playing until 10 p.m., is thankful for work to distract the attraction to such time-wasting. "It's a habit with addictive personality," he says. "This is something else again. It's partly the technology itself—it works so smoothly, it's so easy to do. But it's partly just, you know," he adds, pausing. "Yes."

Schooling the disabled

BY PATRICIA CHESHOLM

Slowly, methodically, Brent Brey is learning to print his first name. Several of his classmates have no trouble making well-formed letters, but Brent struggles with his and he rewrites the last one. Unimpaired, he crosses a clearly legible "L" and throws up his arms in glee. Although he has Down's syndrome, a congenital disorder that impairs mental development and physical coordination, Brent is thriving in a regular kindergarten class at Canadian Maureen Elementary School in Newmarket, Ont., about 40 km north of Toronto. As the class moves on to other activities, Brent jumps up to practice for his part in a play called *The Gypsies' Mass*. His class has been applauded, allowing him to participate with the other acrobatic thespians according to his hungry farm animals and a crafty fox. "People have said to me, 'There are places for kids like him,'" says his mother, Sonnette Brey. "But he is doing well here. To have him sticking and writing cuts in a special education class would just be criminal."

It was not so long ago that children like Brent, as well as those with other physical and mental disabilities, were usually placed in special classes and were often sent away to specialized schools. But in recent years, a growing number of educators have been adopting a new approach to children with special needs—inclusion, rather than segregation. And last month, a ruling by the Ontario Court of Appeal, the province's highest judicial body, provided welcome news to those who argue that the stigmatization and sequestration of a regular classroom often works worse with even the most severely handicapped. In a strongly worded judgment, Madame Justice Louise Arbour found that Emily Eaton at Barford Township, an Ontario, 180 km southwest of Toronto, no Lynwood Grade 4 student with cerebral palsy, has a constitutional right to attend school with fully able children—despite the insistence of the Barford Township Board of Education that she be placed in a segregated classroom. "This is the first time since a senior court has said that integration is a human rights issue," says Anne Molloy, the lawyer who argued Emily's case. "And since it was decided under the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, it will have a significant impact both in and outside Ontario."

The decision provides a legal foundation for a practice that exists in varying degrees across the country—and one that is provoking a highly contentious debate. The majority of provinces have educational policies favouring integration, but implementation varies widely from province to province and even among neighboring school boards. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, for instance, have moved strongly towards integration, as have many boards in large urban centres in British Columbia and Alberta. In Ontario, the majority of special-needs students at public boards are not fully integrated, while Catholic boards have taken the opposite approach. In Quebec, most students with physical disabilities are integrated, while those with mental handicaps are not.

This unevenness appears to reflect a persistent uneasiness about integration among educators. Brenda Bowley, the lawyer for the Barford Township board, said that her client is expected to decide whether to appeal the decision to the Supreme Court of Canada by the end of March. The board's position, she said in an interview, has been that



Emily Eaton with her parents and a teacher.

Parents and educators are locked in an emotional debate over integrating disabled pupils into regular classrooms

"equal treatment" for a child like Emily—who uses a wheelchair and a walker, cannot speak and needs full assistance for personal care—rather special, separate classes designed to compensate for her severe disabilities. Clearly, the board's three-year fight to keep Emily in a segregated classroom spurs justices for those who believe that total integration is an unworkable ideal. Some critics also say that the admission of such children to overcrowded classrooms may put too much pressure on teachers who are already trying to educate students with diverse backgrounds and intellectual capacities.

The debate is growing more contentious as legal pressure mounts. Many educators are facing increasing pressure from provincial cities, as well as federal Finance Minister Paul Martin's February budget announcement of \$1.6 billion to provincial equalization payments. Integration, in such a context, may become an empty promise. "The real decision to place a special-needs student in a regular class is the one

most, because all it requires is the stroke of a pen," says Heather Pearson, Director of Professional Development Services for the Canadian Teachers' Federation. "But if it is not supported with equipment, smaller classes and specialized help, the kids have been misled." Signs of strain are already beginning to show in Alberta. Premier Ralph Klein's Progressive Conservative government has just concluded the second year of a four-year deficit reduction program that could cut education budgets by up to 12 per cent. Many observers are concerned that integration—with its attendant need for multiple teachers' aides and special resources in regular classrooms—is becoming particularly vulnerable. In Lethbridge, School District #52, where almost all schools are currently integrated, administrators are now considering significant cuts to its programs for special-needs children. And at the Calgary Board of Education, the largest in the country, officials are reeling from a \$30-million cut to fund for about 3,500 special-needs students. In an effort to deal with the size of its budget squeeze, the board has

Emily Eaton with her parents and a teacher, and a judge's ruling



already managed all extra supports, such as special classes for students with mild disabilities.

Of course, achieving the best educational result for the child is at the core of this difficult debate. Like many parents of disabled children, Carol and Clayton Eaton came to believe that integration would provide the best environment for their daughter. For one year, she attended a preschool that catered exclusively to developmentally delayed children. But the Eatons noticed a sharp improvement in Emily after she began regular kindergarten classes at her local public school. "She had never shown a desire to write, communicate or even hold her head up," Carol Eaton recalls. "Once she started regular classes, all those things started to happen."

By the end of Grade 1, however, local administrators had decided that Emily's educational needs were not being met and that she should be moved to a full-time special class for the disabled. Carol Eaton, trained as a social worker, and her husband, a special education teacher, say they gave that option full consideration before rejecting it as inappropriate for Emily. This began a three-year pitched battle with the board, in which the Eatons lost the reverses of their case. But they did at their best, Emily succeeding at the Court of Appeal. According to the court, segregating Emily because of her dis-

ability—against her parents' wishes and without establishing that she would be better off in a special class—was not different from segregating her on the basis of race or colour. A segregated class may only be chosen as a "last resort," the three-judge panel concluded. "This was the most incredibly hostile experience of my entire life," says Carol Eaton. "We wanted to see Emily in the class we chose but there was always the threat of legal action. We didn't want to go to any other class, but the same dilemma was ready to surface in any other class."

Some Ontario boards clearly share the Eatons' perspective. The tiny Halton County Board of Education, for example, about 200 km northwest of Toronto, has achieved virtually full integration among its 2,300 students over the past seven years. In small-size classes, communication between teachers and administrators eases, says Superintendent of Education Dale Robinson, and allows more flexibility in grouping staff and organizing classrooms. All the board's special-needs students are placed in regular classes, except for a handful with severe behavioral problems. As in the case in most integrated schools, some students also receive remedial sessions in such subjects as reading and spelling. In fact, understanding traffic lights or feeling up with everyday tasks such as opening a can of soup.

In many cases, an integrated classroom can mean an enhanced experience for all of the students. Halton County's parent Barry Martin believes his 12-year-old son Aaron is enjoying a richer school experience by taking his Grade 5 classes with a student confined to a wheelchair. "In an art class one day, the whole class enjoyed shipping cream all over the desk top and played with it," Martin says, "just because it was this student's idea. And the kids like it. It's not typical, but it helps the kids get involved." Martin adds, however, that the presence of a full-time educational assistant releases him of worries that Aaron's teacher might be overburdened.

In fact, when integration works well, there is almost no arguing with its benefits. "There is growing evidence that integrated children learn better much more easily in a more challenging environment," says professor of education and psychology at Toronto's York University. They also have better self-esteem and a wider circle of friends than those who have never had anyone call them before. As adults, Bunch believes that such individuals will have a better chance of thriving, with less likelihood of depending on institutional care.

Still, parents remain deeply divided on the issue. Lesley Lynch, who lives in Markham, 30 km north of Toronto, was once a staunch proponent of full integration. Her son, Patrick, now 13, attended regular classes in a local Catholic school until Grade 3. But he was a slow learner, suffering from an attention deficit disorder that made concentration extremely difficult. "The other kids started to get quick for their slowness and some of them were cruel to him," she recalls. "The way they would be late and being late because of the stress."

But the school declined to withdraw him for special classes for even part of the day, she says, partly because they were not convinced that his needs were so severely special. After several meetings with board officials, and a series of tests carried out at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children which confirmed Patrick's disability, Lynch finally transferred her son to a special education class offered by the local public school board. "I really believe in the idea of integration and I cried the day I changed his school," Lynch says. "But when he came home he told me that he didn't really need three friends. Mainstreaming was not for everyone. What I do think is that they would not let me choose what a good day for my child."

Others worry that the inclusion of disabled students in ordinary classes may draw too much attention away from regular classrooms' work. "In general, integration is a good thing," says Barbara Smith, a founder of the Middlesex-based Quality Education Network, a group

TO THE MAX

Across *Jeopardy!* Tilly says she wants to break away from the turbo stereotype that she has frequently played on television and in movies. So why did she portray Olive, a club-mad mother's moll and 1930s show girl in Woody Allen's 1994 hit movie, *Hush*? "I'm over Broadway!" "I thought, I'm going to do this character who is the queen of all bamboos," she explains. "I'm going to have achieved the pinnacle of bamboos-and then I'm going to put the character to rest." The strategy appears to have worked for Tilly, 32, who recently swapped filming in and around Vancouver for the idyllic location of Maui with a Gem. She is a nominee for a best supporting actress Oscar at next week's Academy Awards for her role in *Batle*. Given the nomination has resulted in a greater variety of job offers—and other more positive attention—"All of a sudden people have started seeing negative things," Tilly says. "I guess that just means you're more successful, not that you're not a good person."

Tilly: 'the queen of all bamboos'

A CHAMELEON CHANGES TUNES

Lennon: 'we are always evolving'

She can always be counted on to do the unexpected. Pop star Annie Lennox changes her look, her life and her musical direction when she feels like it. "As people and performers, we are always evolving," she says. "You just go along with that." In 1990, Lennox and partner Dave Stewart co-produced the *Beauty*—the best-selling male-female pop duo in history—because she says it was time to move on. "I wasn't really thinking of my career at that point," Lennox says. "I just thought, 'I'll have a baby.' And she did. Look, now four years old. Lennox

returned to the spotlight in 1992 with the release of her first solo effort, *Over*, which sold more than five million copies worldwide. In a rare public appearance last week in Toronto, Lennox appeared on *MTV*'s *Intimate and Interactive*, where she sang several tunes from her new album, *Medusa*, a collection of cover songs, including those made famous by The Clash and Neil Young. The London-based Lennox says that she has no plans to tour in support of the album, but quickly adds: "Hey, you never know—I might change my mind sometime."

BEATING THE HEAT

The field did not include many top competitors from Australia, China and Europe, and the United States sent its B-team. But with the Summer Olympics in Atlanta only 17 months away, swimmer Jeanette Miller wanted to build some momentum. So, last week, at the Pan American Games in Mar del Plata, Argentina, the 18-year-old from Hamilton won the race of her life to win the 200-m individual suit medal in a Games record of two minutes and 16.99 seconds. Teammate Marianne Lepert of Fredericton, the Canadian record-holder, finished second. Despite the absence of many of the world's best swimmers, Canadian coach Dave Johnson said the team's results were encouraging heading into an Olympic year. Miller was more emphatic. "I think I'm a serious contender for the future," she said. "The Olympics are a year away and I would love more than anything to get a medal at a really big meet."



Miller: a contender for the 1996 Olympics

TOQUES NOT TUXES

It isn't April in Paris or Cannes in May. It is, in fact, Edmonton in March. But the threat of experiencing winter in Canada did not dampen enthusiasm for Edmonton's Local Heroes International Screen Festival last week. International stars like actor William Hurt and Oscar-winning director Judd Apatow (*Clayton Kleebsch*) found local screenings, as did such Canadian talent as director Brad Turner, who produced his new comic, *Park & Southerland*. Jan Miller, the festival's executive director, laughs about its decidedly unglamorous location. "Some of the international guests don't realize what March can be like up here," she says. "We keep extra winter coats on hand because they get here from warm, exotic locations and pretty freeze to death." The festival, now in its sixth year, grew from a small, local event. But even though it is now a major stop on the international film festival circuit, Miller says the fest remains laid-back. "It is for film-lovers," she says. "If you're looking for taxes and starched shirts, we're not it. We're more like T-shirts and toques."

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS



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Driver (left), Saffron Burrows: fairy tale-ish

FILMS

Not-so-ugly ducklings

Dreams come true for homely but spirited girls

With few good movies, as with popstars, there is always a risk that the rag rickies will be miswatched: their fully contrived can stick in the craw. But when a sell like no reality is belated by senior acting and a tart screenplay, it is possible to believe in a serene-but-loud where friends and bullies get their just desserts, where virtue is rewarded—where the ugly duckling gets the swan prince. *Circles of Friends* and *Murphy's Wedding*, from Ireland and Australia, are stories of homely girls who triumph because of their spirit and innate goodness. In both cases it would be easy for viewers to catch a shadow of cynicism over the movies' essential sentimentality—especially when neither of the heroines is as constructive as the script says she is. But that would spoil the fun. Besides, the filmmakers' diligence and integrity, as well as fine performances, make the two features irrefragable.

Circles of Friends is the more bitty tale of the pair. It is set in 1920s Ireland, which is portrayed as the faded emerald island—quiet, luminous and lushly green. The heroine, Bessy (Marianne Driver), is also luminous—and badly ill-favored. Convinced that she is an undesirable "thickskin," she does not expect to find love when she be-

gins counting from her village to university in Dublin. Yet she manages to win the affection of blue-eyed, out-of-humor Jack (Chris O'Donnell), of *Sweet of a Woman* fame, a star rugby player. Much of the movie deals with the couple's struggle, and



Collette: easy pursuit of marriage to Prince Charming

that of their friends, to contain their urgent teenage sexuality. And there is much humor in the juxtaposition of Bessy's Collette repression—a giant in the film who that their bodies must be "pardon me Jesus"—and the lectures of a professor who seems fused in the healthy free-love customs of the Treloard Islands in the South Pacific.

At times, the cumulative sweetness of the movie, directed by Pat O'Connor (200) and based on a novel by Mavis Black, threatens to cause diabetic shock of the critical faculties. Bessy is almost sensible and decent; her parents are so loving, her friends are so loyal. Even the principal villain of the piece, Seamus (Alan Cumming)—whose obnoxious coarseness of Bessy is part of his scheme to worm his way into her father's tabernacular business—is more cause for laughter than dread. But Driver's Bessy is an openhearted, heartbroken character. And O'Donnell delivers a subtle, affecting portrayal of a young man

The tone of *Murphy's Wedding* is somewhat darker—and more. Unemployed, unpopular and intervention by her corrupt city councillor father, the Rhonda Murriel (Toni Collette) takes refuge in the brain-numbing music of ABBA and in fantasies of marriage. Like her father (Bill Hunter), Murriel has a tenuous relationship with the truth. And after she steals \$30,000 from his bank account, she flees from her home town, "Poppy," to Sydney, where she turns up with the inviolable Rhonda (Rachel Griffiths), one of the few people who actually care about Murriel.

But friendships with Rhonda is not enough. Murriel continues to be abused with marriage, spending much of her free time washing bridal veils and trying on the full regalia. Finally, following up on an ad in a magazine for singles, she finds her Prince Charming—a gorgeous South African stranger who sends an Australian wife so that he can change his citizenship and compete in the Olympics (this is the pre-Muskel era). Murriel's dream comes true, but the miracle does not, of course, have the desired effect of leading her to self-acceptance.

Much of *Murphy's Wedding* is blackly comic. Her mother (Joan Dymally), in an achingly authentic performance among several anguished ones) copes with marriage in a brute by shaming off her brain and her willpower. Murriel's father accepts her from Japanese businessmen after trying to ingratiate himself by taking them to a Chinese restaurant. Her siblings are fat, unloving, unemployed louts who spend their days in a stupor of nicotine and television. Murriel, with her semi-killed delusions, is the funniest of all—and the saddest, that because she has visions of a different life, writer-director P. J. Hogan rewards her with at least the chance of happiness at the end.

While some treats in Murriel's tale are a bit too hoarse even for the somewhat over-the-top style, Collette's wholehearted portrayal makes her character's journey seem credible. And, in the end, it is hard to take issue with a movie that celebrates dreams.

PATRICIA HELICH



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NEWS

Making Your World Make Sense.



Spring forward, fall asunder

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

What is the crucial month? In 1995, as the political storm clouds gather, spring is the crucial month. Bodies are being laid out for disposal, reputations are about to be shredded, new careers are just over the horizon and the pickets await the rope desk on the corpses.

One can scarcely recall a period when so many prominent figures were so destined for shaming. The public, suddenly sensing its power that always existed, is taking great glee in tussling the rejected overboard. There is a whiff of death in the air.

In Ottawa, the starved Ray Stortz influence and Andy Shear is arranging an April lunch meeting banquet at 1,000 manna-loaves a plate. The recipient? One Bob Rae, the senile-senile socialist who usually runs the province and is going to be whipped in this year's election.

A lot of smart capitalists such as Sarkis Almar Rae, because of his intelligence and integrity. But we have bad news for him. There are more ordinary voters than there are Sarkis Almar Rae, and he's gone, dead and headed for a new career, possibly playing along in a Yerville bistro.

The jackals seem to have swiftly decimated Mike Harcourt in Victoria, his downed money in the polls once inspiring speculation that the NDP troops, who never kill their young, might try to replace him. That's right, but his stable-headed infamy, combined with some cleverness activities of high officials under his arm, make a renewed law career a likely possibility.

Voters today—building on the arrest they see elsewhere—don't seem to like anyone who is in power. The NDP rules more than half the Canadian population through three provinces, and now both Ontario and British Columbia seem to be for the high jump.

Nova Scotia has a new wrinkle. Don Savage, the boss, is about to be unseated not by the voters but by his own Liberal party. This is rather unusual for an incumbent premier, but that's what these days.

In Quebec, the dear voters who just into



power a party that promised separation are now clearly rejecting that romantic dream, worried instead that their pension cheques from Ottawa might not arrive in the mail. Lucien Bouchard and Jacques Parizeau resemble nothing more than Robert Shapiro and I Lee Bailey in Los Angeles, each with his own agenda, shopping their versions of Vallarta through the media.

In Mexico, things are so logical that the past president, who the last time we looked was being backed by Washington as the new poobah of the World Trade Organization, has seen his brother arrested for murder, has himself tried a bizarre hunger strike and has fled to the United States while denying that he has. Except he isn't coming back.

Such is the upside-down nature of the political world that in the most powerful nation on earth, the most powerful and influential politician in the land is not the president but

a talkative chap from Georgia who seems to have astonished the press and most everyone else with his verbosity.

He has a dozen allies on every subject on the sun and will do himself to with his tongue, but at the moment, Bill Clinton, who is apparently the president, doesn't get half the coverage allotted to Newt Gingrich, the new Mouth from the South.

Political trouble? We don't even have to mention Italy, where five-of-the-month is the new prime minister. Even the Italians don't pay attention any more. In France, Monsieur Balladur, who thought he had the job stitched, is now badly bogged down on the backstreet, his fatality's mixed in mud.

Thanks to world television, North Americans are now completely bored with the tragedies in Bosnia and Rwanda and elsewhere, and don't even pay attention.

In London, son-of-a-bitch portrait John Major is so deep in the glass that a triple-hall-ganger cannot rescue him. The Tories, who do not like their young, are seriously contemplating laying out his body with salt and stile brand before they are in their inevitable descent at the polling booth.

Four Yeltsin in Moscow is so desperate—his fate sealed—that he's willing to keep the tanks away from the 30th anniversary V-I Day parade in Red Square so as to catch the troubled Clinton to come and stand beside him and save him. How can you have a Red Square parade without tanks? How can you have a White House anniversary without tanks?

What are they going to use? Palm fronds? You know you're in trouble when they're trying to use a wobbly Bill Clinton to prop up a wobbly Boris Yeltsin.

In Alberta, Klein is safe for a while. In Manitoba, Filmon will probably squeak back in this spring. In New Brunswick, everyone knows Frank McKenna is just preparing his run at the federal Liberal leadership. No one knows who runs Prince Edward Island and no one cares. In Newfoundland, Sir Francis Drake Tobin is suddenly more popular than Screw.

Otherwise, it is indeed a hard time to be a public figure. The demand is for the term limits of wonder if the advocates have ever heard of a chap called Churchill. The voters are after their pensions. Every day who can find a lawyer can suddenly remember a patched bon on an elevator.

The filing books cover everything all around us. The tabloids are filled with scandal. Secretaries with long memories bring down curtains. Freedom of information laws reveal secrets that nations cannot lose. And then there's C.J.

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